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1½d.

# Daily Mirror

No. 350.

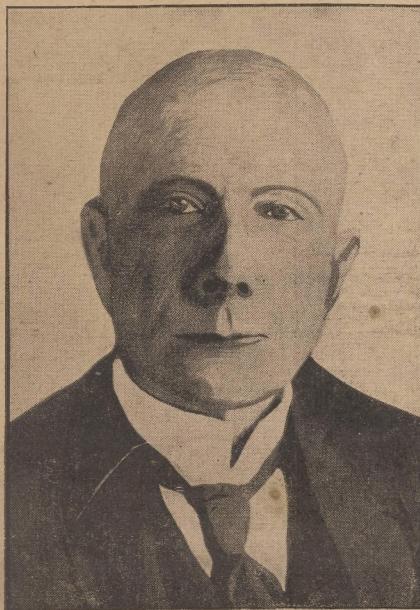
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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

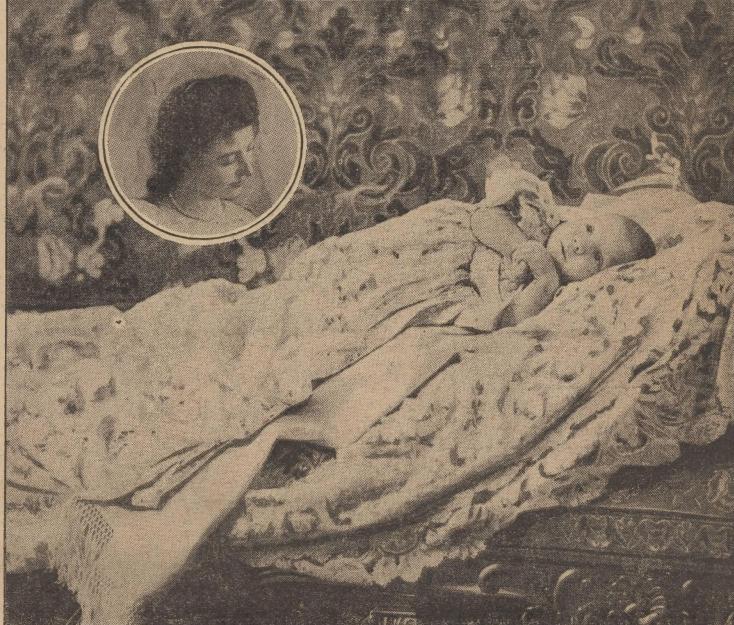
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XMAS GIFT.  
"Daily Mail"  
SAVINGS BANK.  
The most ingenious  
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1/- At all Bookstalls. 1/-

£500,000 CHRISTMAS BOX.



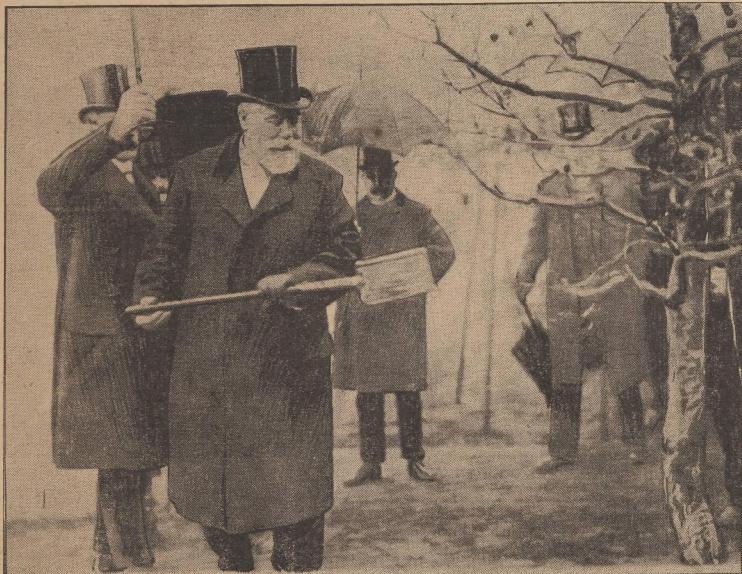
Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the world's richest man, has endowed Chicago University with many millions of dollars. His Christmas gift this year is half a million pounds to found a school of engineering.—(Copyright.)

LORD GROSVENOR AFTER THE CHRISTENING.



After the royal baptism of England's richest baby, a famous children's photographer was commissioned to take this charming picture of the Duke of Westminster's heir in his priceless christening robes. A portrait of the Duchess appears in the top left-hand corner.—(Speaight.)

LORD MAYOR AS TREE PLANTER.



Having opened a new lake at Whipp's Cross, Epping Forest, the Lord Mayor; here seen with a spade in his hand, proceeded to plant a commemorative oak. The sluice-opening ceremony is pictured on page 9.—(Copyright.)

A SPOILED HONEYMOON.



Lady Dalrymple, whose husband, Lord Dalrymple, contracted scarlet fever in Venice on the honeymoon. Now the bride herself is ill with the same disease.—(Lafayette.)

## BIRTHS.

BENJAMIN.—On December 11, at 164, Landale-mansions, Maide Vale, W., to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Benjamin, a son.

DALETON.—On the 12th inst., at Eshewo, Natal, the wife of the Ven. Archdeacon Cameron, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

BARKEE—WEATHERLEY.—On the 10th inst., at St. Barnabas's Church, Walton-street, by the Rev. J. T. Branson, assisted by the Rev. J. E. Kelsall, Arthur H. Cockram Barker, son of the late Sir Evelyn, second daughter of the late Edward Weatherley, and Mrs. Weatherley, of Fronsom Quinton House, Cattistock, Dorset.

MONTGOMERY.—On the 12th, at St. Peter's, Hatton Garden, by the Rev. A. Da Cristoforo, Stephen A. Monica da Adia, widow of Alfred Henry Wear, late of Gothic Hall, London.

WINGFIELD—DAVIES.—At St. Matthew's Church, Ida, youngest daughter of William Davies, of Moordarts, St. Leonards-on-Sea, to Ernest Wingfield, of West St. Leonards.

## DEATHS.

ADKIN.—On December 14, at 173, High-street, Lewisham, Little Annie, beloved wife of Joseph F. Adkin, in her 50th year.

SILLINGTON.—On December 12, at Chalbury, Wimborne, George Henry Sillington, M. A., Emer. Camb. Com., for 60 years.

BLA/KAL.—On the 13th inst., Sara, Letitia Blackall, widow of the late Edward Bla/kal, of Towers Farm, Middleton, King's Lynn.

BLACKSTONE.—On the 14th inst., at 7, Opposite-road, Blackstone, the wife of the late Joseph Blackstone, M.R.C.S., of Regent's Park, in her 70th year. Funeral service tomorrow, at noon, at the Boys' Home Chapel, Regent's Park-church, No. 12.

## PERSONAL.

J. K. S.—Gentleman not. I cannot receive presents now, even at Christmas.—Gentleman.

CONSTANCE.—I have passed our old meeting-place nightly on way from business. Never see you now.—G. D.

DEAR E.—Better meet at entrance of National Gallery. Trafalgar-square. Sunday evenings at 6 o'clock. Don't write to me.—L. NELLIE.

TRAVELLERS, persons who visit country towns and villages, agents and others, who wish to add to their income without in any way interfering with their ordinary work, should write to me for details. I can offer competent men. Only limited number of openings, so write at once to 1570, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

\* \* \* The above advertisements are received up to 6 p.m., and are published in the eight columns of the paper on 2d. or 3d. word afterwards. They are brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after name. Advertising Manager. "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London.

## THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

DALYS THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the new Music Performance of CINGALEE. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE. TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. Shakespeare's Comedy. THE Taming of the Shrew. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15. SPECIAL MATINEES MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY, Dec. 16th, 20th, and 21st. NO EVENING PERFORMANCE ON those days.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone 3193. Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GREGORY ALEXANDER. Sole Lessee and Manager. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8. LADY'S COMPAGNIE PAN. By Oscar Wilde. At 8.15, THE DECREE NISI, by Joshua Bates. MATINEE (both plays) WEDS. and SATS., at 2.15.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES.

KENNINGTON THEATRE, Tel. 1006 Hop-NIGHTLY, at 7.45, THE MOODY-MANNERS OPERA COMPANY. LORENTHAL, TOMORROW, THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

CORONET THEATRE, Tel. 1273 Kens.—NIGHTLY, at 8. MAT. TO-MORROW, 2.30, MARTIN HARVEY and Company in THE BREED OF THE TREASHERS, by John Rutherford.

CAMDEN THEATRE, Tel. 328 K.C.—NIGHTLY, at 8. MAT. TO-MORROW, 2.30. Mr. Charles Evans, Misses H. B. IRVING and Miss Irene VANBRUGH in LETTY.

CROWN THEATRE, Peckham, Tel. 421 Hop-NIGHTLY, at 7.45. Mr. AUGUSTE VAN BIENE and Company in THE BROKEN MELODY.

THE COLISEUM. Tel. 5222. Mrs. McLean's Jane. OPENS NEXT MONDAY, December 19th. FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY.

at 12 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 3 o'clock programme and the 6 o'clock programme are similar. The 3 o'clock programme and the 9 o'clock programme are similar.

DOORS OPEN AN HOUR EARLIER.

COLISEUM. Electrical Revolving Stage. AUDITORIUM. Choristers. BOXES 2s 2d. and £1. 1s. OTHER SEATS 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s., AND 50c. ALL SEATS IN ALL PARTS NUMBERED AND RESERVED. BOOKING OFFICES NOW OPEN FROM 10 A.M. TO 10 P.M. TELEGRAMS: Coliseum, London. TELEPHONE: 7541 GERRARD. CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING DIRECTOR: OSWALD STOLL.

## AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY. THE LATE MR. CASTELLO, in Theatre, 4.0 and 8.0. 8.0 o'clock PROM. CONCERT (Miss Betty Booker and Mr. Arthur Strugnell). Roller Skating and other attractions.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGLER'S," OXFORD CIRCUUS, W. OVER 200 ACTS. Over 4000 Performers. 3 and 8. PRICES, 1s. to 5s.; CHILDREN, half-price.

## HOTELS, RESTAURANTS.

XMAS HOLIDAYS.—Sunny Frinton and Southend. ROYAL HOTEL, from 35s. per week. Southend-on-Sea. GRAND HOTEL, 1s. per week. Southend-on-Sea. GRAND HOTEL, per week. Leigh-on-Sea. THE LAND CO., 6s. Cheapside, E.C.

## MARKETING BY POST.

A REAL Christmas Treat.—"Old Parr's Honey Bumbags," a grand old-fashioned sweetmeat; two large, hand-made, round, solid, 1lb. each, 10s. postage paid. buying agents wanted.—Jeffrey and Co., Madley, Salop.

ASTHMA CURED by Zenarome.—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Lloyd's Bay, London.

BLINNGSGATE!—Live Fish from the Dogger Bank fleet. Grimsby prices; 24 hours fresher; cleaned; carriage paid. Special delivery; price list.—Direct Fish Supply, Billingsgate, E.C.

CHOICE TABLE POULTRY FOR CHRISTMAS.—Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, and Poults; special offer; 10s. postage paid; 10s. secure, carriage paid... a specially-fed turkeys, geese, ducks, and poults. orders are now being booked and will be received by Dec. 20th.—Ringier Hewett, Outwell, Wisbech; London Depot, 401, Cambridge-roads, E.C.

CHRISTMAS Turkey, largest and best, 10s., 8s., 6s., 4s., 2s., ed., &c., each special. Geese, 5s., 4s., 3s., 2s., ed., &c., each special.—O'Sullivan, Conventry-street, Rosscarbery, Cork.

FISH, FISH.—Perfect quality. Finest value; net weight; postage paid; 10s. secure, carriage paid... a specially-fed turkeys, geese, ducks, and poults. orders are now being booked and will be received by Dec. 20th.—Ringier Hewett, Outwell, Wisbech; London Depot, 401, Cambridge-roads, E.C.

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## MARKETING BY POST.

## A BOON TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

Fine English Turkeys (9lbs.) and 1lb. Cam-

bridge Sausages

large selected Chickens

2 lbs. Large Hare

2 fine Pheasants

3 large North Country Pigeons

Prime Orfs. Beef—Sirloin, Wines, Rib, or

any Joint you like to order. Sib. for 8s. Od.

Carriage paid within 50 miles radius. Cash with order.

Order to: CORFORD, 4, Lloyd's Bay, London.

DEPOSIT amount covered. Telephone: 2,031 Holborn

STEAD and CO., LTD., 602, Central Markets, London, E.C.

THE DAILY MIRROR.

CHRISTMAS BUY DIRECT FROM SMITHFIELD

and secure the finest quality goods at lowest market prices.

Postage paid.

THE CENTRAL SUPPLY CO., Farring-

don Street, London, E.C.

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PRICES.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

In a Great Fiscal Speech He Unfolds His Policy to Enthusiastic East Enders.

## SETTLING THE ALIEN.

Confident Prediction That Tariff Reform Agitation Will Never Die.

All roads led to Limehouse last evening, when Mr. Chamberlain delivered his long-promised speech at the old Edinburgh Castle.

Hours before the meeting commenced thousands of persons coming from all parts of the metropolis besieged the doors.

Shortly after the doors were opened the building was packed from floor to roof, nearly 4,000 persons crowding the hall. Until the central figure of the evening arrived the great crowd amused itself by heartily singing popular songs.

When the well-known figure, wearing the familiar orchid and the inevitable eyeglass, appeared on the platform, accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain, a wild scene took place.

People sprang from their seats, ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the swelling voice from the organ mingled with the thunderous cheers of the enormous audience.

## MISSIONARY FOR THE EMPIRE.

The right hon. gentleman said that in resuming his work as missionary for the British Empire he was very glad to have an opportunity of addressing the representatives of a district in which the condition of the majority of the people was very hard and the margin of existence very small. Therefore, if, as his opponents asserted, he desired to increase the cost of living, he would be foolish indeed to come among them.

He was convinced that the greatest evil from which they suffered was an antiquated fiscal system. His opponents attacked him upon personal grounds with the greatest vehemence, and he found that even the leaders of the Opposition were foremost in their endeavour to draw them aside from the consideration of their interest and the interests of the country and the Empire into those petty and paltry personal considerations. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in defending his views upon the subject, said the promoters of fiscal reform cared for nothing but to feather their own nests. ("Cries of 'Shame!' and 'Liar!'"') They were going a very bad way about it when men gave up power, office, and salaries.

## OPPOSITION'S VULGARITY.

He thought he was right in asking Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, if he could not be a patriot, to try to be a gentleman. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Asquith also compared himself and Mr. Balfour to footpads. These and other similar statements were merely methods of their vulgarity.

Then the right hon. gentleman came to the issues of the next electoral struggle.

"At the next general election—" he said, "and the sooner it comes the better, as far as I am concerned—I will put before my countrymen two questions.

"I will ask them, in the first place, whether they think that a policy which is sixty years old, which was based on promises that had never been fulfilled, and which was conceived under circumstances which were altogether different from those in which we live—I will ask them whether a policy of that kind can be suitable to our modern conditions."

"Then, in the second place, I will ask what are to be our future relations with our Colonies, and what is to be the future of the great Empire of which we are all a part."

Mr. Chamberlain proceeded to point out that during the last sixty years every civilised nation except England had rejected the doctrines of free trade or free imports.

## AN IMPORTANT ALTERNATIVE.

"One of two things must happen in the future—either the working classes of this country will have to accept lower wages in proportion to the extra cost which has been put on to the manufacturer, or else they will lose their employment."

"If the working men determine to continue the policy of unrestricted imports in this country without reference to where they are produced, or by whom they are produced, then in that case you cannot maintain any form of protection of labour."

"The competition of cheaper goods, made cheaper by artificial causes, will force down prices, and either you will have to take lower wages or lose your employment."

Referring to the immigration of aliens, Mr. Chamberlain thought the best solution of the question was to find some country—if possible, under the aegis of the British flag—where they could find subsistence. Meanwhile, under the policy of the open door, these people entered this country, which was already too full, and which could not without injury suffer the admission of so large a population.

They changed the whole character of a district and drove thousands of British workmen from their employment.

Loud cheers greeted this remark, which were renewed as the right honourable gentleman taunted the free importers with having wrecked the Government's Alien Bill last Session, and asked—Would they have the courage of their convictions,

Southerly winds; dull and mild; rain at times. To-Day's Weather Lightning-up time, 4.45 p.m. Sea passages will be moderate or rough generally.

and wreck the Bill which the Government would reintroduce next Session?

This was essentially a working man's question, continued Mr. Chamberlain, and for his part he preferred the experience of the working man to any number of statistics.

The working men were the judges, and if their verdict went against him he would only have to submit. If they were happy they should leave well alone; but if that was not so, they should try with him to find out the reason. He had tried to force them to see that this was not, as their opponents said, a rich man's question. To the working man it was life or death. He was told that he would increase the cost of living. Suppose he did. Which was the better: for the working man to have a loaf a farthing dearer and plenty of money in his pocket, or a loaf for twopence or threepence, and no money to buy it with? The cost of living was not the most important thing for the working man to consider, but the price which he got for his labour.

All he wanted for his crusade did not involve a farthing extra in the cost of living. All that was required was a scientific or reasonable transposition of taxation from one shoulder to another. All this talk of going back to hungry forties was a fraud and an imposture. During his thirty years of political life he had always trusted the people, and though it was difficult to make them understand the intricacies of a great problem, they were never wrong when they had to decide upon a big question of principle.

Turning to the question of our future relations with the British Colonies, he said if we did not grasp the opportunity which now presented itself, and the sceptre of our Dominions should pass from our hand, we should be held responsible by our descendants.

## QUESTION WOULD NEVER DIE.

As to the Colonial offer, there had been contemptible quibbling, but he thought then, as he now thought, that they should not have lost a moment in accepting it. He warned them that if the offer were refused, there were other nations not so pedantic who would be ready to step into our place. The Prime Minister had asked for a majority from the people to call a Colonial Conference to discuss the question in all its bearings. The leaders of the Opposition asserted that to call such a conference would be to break up the Empire, and suggested an alternative scheme for discussion, by which the conference would be muzzled before it met.

Their opponents would make treaties with foreign countries, and even with the King of the Cannibal Islands, but they would not trust themselves in the same hands with their children for fear of coming to blows. That was not his conception of a true Imperialist.

He was told that his policy was discredited and defeated, and that he himself was pulverised and smashed. He refrained from prophesying, but whether the Liberal Party were victorious or not at the next election, the question of tariff reform, when once raised, would never die.

With these words the right hon. gentleman closed his speech amid another remarkable outburst of enthusiasm.

## WHY M. SYVETON DIED.

Suggestion That a Grave Family Scandal Was the Cause of Suicide.

A singular story surrounding the suicide of M. Syveton, the French deputy, has been published in the "Main," says Reuter's Paris correspondent.

It is suggested that M. Syveton was unfortunately beset with an affection for his step-daughter, Mme. Menard.

This went so far that at length it led to a violent scene between the two husbands and their wives.

Then Mme. Menard made such revelations to her mother, Mme. Syveton, that she came to the determination to sue for a divorce.

The day before the trial of M. Syveton, on the charge of assaulting General André, was to have begun he had a last interview with his wife.

She was inflexible. The petition for divorce was to be entered the next day.

The deputy then announced his decision in the words "It only remains for me to disappear."

He determined, in fact, to take his life, and made his preparations with extraordinary coolness, with a view to making it appear that his death was the result of an accident.

On the other hand, the theory of suicide has been scouted, and the "Action" states Mme. Syveton, a doctor, and a midwife are to be arrested.

## FIFTEEN CHILDREN DROWNED.

Bridge Collapses and Excursionists Fall Fifty Feet Into the River.

CHARLESTON (West Virginia), Thursday.—The suspension bridge across the Elk river, connecting East and West Charleston, collapsed to-day.

Just as the bridge gave way a children's excursion boat was crossing, and all were plunged into the river fifty feet below.

Fifteen children are believed to have been drowned, but the number is still uncertain. Two little girls went down, but got out unaided on the ice.

Men in boats are fishing for other bodies in twenty feet of water.—Reuter.

## DIVORCE BY POISON.

Dramatic Admissions in the French Maybrick Trial.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.—The proceedings at yesterday's hearing of the French Maybrick trial at Bouches-du-Rhône terminated with the examination of Edouard Hubac, the lover of Mme. Massot, and, according to the indictment, her accomplice in the poisoning of her husband.

In spite of his affirmations of innocence and his evident desire to screen Mme. Massot, Hubac made several important admissions.

He had never spoken of getting rid of the captain, but Mme. Massot once said to him, "My mother will not hear of a divorce, so I shall poison my husband. I detest him."

Asked if it was not at his instigation that Mme. Massot resolved to poison her husband, Hubac, realising that he had gone too far, replied that he wished to say nothing that would implicate Mme. Massot.

## A MOMENT OF MADNESS.

Questioned as to the compromising letters found by Lucie Clap, Mme. Massot's servant, the prisoner was only able to account for them by saying, "I wrote them in a moment of madness," whereupon the Judge declared, "You played an important rôle in this tragedy, and from the second and third month of your relations with Mme. Massot you had in your mind the possibility of the death of the husband?"

"It is absolutely false," replied the prisoner.

The first witnesses heard were the medical experts who examined the remains of the captain. Their report was crushing evidence against the prisoners.

The experts found no trace of any malady likely to cause the death of a young and vigorous man, but, on the other hand, they discovered considerable quantities of mercury, the essential element of corrosive sublimate, in many of the organs.

Lucie Clap declared that the Captain's illness dated from October, 1893, and that every time he ate or drank after that time he suffered excruciating agony. He was at his worst after his wife had administered some medicine.

The witness then explained how she found the compromising letters, and how after the death of her master she was seized with similar pains to those Captain Massot had complained of.

## BATTLESHIP EXPLOSION.

Three Men Injured by an Escape of Gas on Board H.M.S. Majestic.

In one of the coal bunkers of the battleship Majestic a serious explosion occurred as she was steaming from the Bay of Biscay to Portsmouth with the Channel Fleet.

A sudden movement of the coal caused an outflow of gas. A furnace door was open, and the gas ignited with a loud explosion.

Men were in the bunker, and it was thought a very bad accident had happened.

A rush was made to the stokehole to render assistance, and three men were found injured.

George Scarborough, ordinary seaman, and John Baker, ordinary seaman, both dangerously burned, and Frederick George Day, acting engine-room artificer, badly burned. They are now in the Haslar Hospital.

When the accident was reported to Lord Charles Beresford he ordered the Majestic to proceed ahead of the fleet to Portsmouth, and yesterday she reached harbour.

## MRS. CHADWICK MOBBED.

Her Husband Will Go Home from Paris to Give Evidence.

There was a hostile demonstration when the American "Mme. Humbert" arrived at Cleveland, Ohio, on her way to the State gaol. A large crowd jeered and hooted her, shouting, "Where's the money?"

The sheriff's officers had the greatest difficulty in getting Mrs. Chadwick to a carriage, in which she was conveyed to the marshall's office and thence to the gaol.

Meanwhile her husband, Dr. L. S. Chadwick, is with Miss Chadwick, staying at the Hotel Continental, Paris. He refuses to make any statement with regard to the charges against his wife, but says he is going back to the United States to say what is necessary there.

## LORD ARMSTRONG—MOTOR SMASH.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.—Lord Armstrong, who left the Hotel Bristol in a motor-car this morning, with Lady Armstrong and Sir Augustus FitzGeorge, for Boulogne, met with a slight accident in the Place de la Concord.

Lord Armstrong's car was run into by another motor, but fortunately the damage done was so slight that the party were able to proceed on their journey.

## HER LAST BATTLE.

Port Arthur's Sole Warship Wages a Gallant Fight.

## FOUR DAYS' FIRING.

Lamed Sevastopol Keeps Torpedo Craft at Bay, and Sinks One.

The defence of Port Arthur has afforded many instances of the dogged and undaunted courage of the Russian fighting man in the face of overwhelming odds.

With the name of General Stoessel, the hero of the siege, will shortly be coupled that of the present unknown commander of the warship Sevastopol.

Caught between the merciless fire from 203 Metre Hill and the persistent attacks of Togo's mosquito flotilla, the last ship of the Port Arthur squadron is slowly sinking.

But she will go down fighting. One of her enemies she has already sent before her to the bottom of the sea. Though sadly crippled, she may yet account for more.

The defence of the Sevastopol is a gallant feat of arms, worthy the traditions of the finest Navy in the world.

A moving picture of this wounded monster of the deep, her guns sullenly booming defiance at the horde of darting midges that are stinging her to death, is conjured up by the message of our special correspondent at Tokio.

## STORY OF THE FIGHT.

How the Gallant Sevastopol Beat Off Her Torpedo Assailants.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

TOKIO, Thursday.—On Monday morning Admiral Togo directed the torpedo flotilla to attack the warship Sevastopol, now lying in the outer harbour, out of reach of the guns on 203 Metre Hill.

The torpedo fleet was in charge of Commander Kasama, and was met by such a heavy and well-directed fire that approach to within striking distance seemed impossible.

Finally two torpedo-boats, under the command of Lieutenant-Commander Masato, made a bold dash in the direction of the warship.

The ships ploughed up the water all around them, but they succeeded in discharging several fish torpedoes.

Assured by the shock of a terrific explosion that they had found their mark, they retired amid a half of shell, leaving the Sevastopol apparently undamaged.

At 2.30 on Tuesday morning the torpedo-boats returned to the attack, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Arakawa.

Once more they were met with a terrific fire from the Sevastopol's guns, which appeared to be worked with remarkable coolness and precision.

## TORPEDO-BOAT DISABLED.

The funnels of one boat were struck by several shots, while a shell burst in the engine-room of another.

For a time this boat was unable to move, and occupied a position of great danger amid the plunging shell thrown without cessation by the warship.

Another torpedo-boat gallantly went to her rescue, and with much difficulty towed her into a position of safety.

At six o'clock the same morning Lieutenant-Commander Seki made an attempt with his torpedo-boat, but the glare of the searchlights used by the defenders prevented him from locating the Sevastopol.

At the same hour two torpedo-boats, commanded by Lieutenant Atachi, succeeded at great risk in getting within striking distance.

## STRUCK AT LAST.

Both discharged their fish torpedoes simultaneously, and a deafening explosion followed. An immense column of water was thrown high into the air immediately under the bows of the doomed ship.

The torpedo-boats at once withdrew, both stricken in several places by the precise shell-fire still maintained by those on board the Sevastopol. Three men on one of the boats were wounded by a bursting shell.

Rear-Admiral Yamada reports that the torpedo-boat attacks were continued without intermission from 11.30 last night to three o'clock this morning. Details of the attack are lacking, but one torpedo-boat has not yet returned, and the gravest anxiety is felt as to her fate.

When last observed the Sevastopol was sinking still lower in the water. She is so much down at the bows that the torpedo-tubes are completely submerged.

## KLADO NOT A WITNESS.

PARIS, Thursday.—At the Ministry of Marine it was stated that Captain Klado's resignation cannot be accepted before the end of the war, but in any case the captain will not be allowed to proceed to Paris to give evidence in the Commission of Inquiry into the North Sea incident.—Exchange.

**POOR PHÆBE.**

Sympathy for a "Hetty Sorrel" of Real Life.

**PETITION TO HOME OFFICE.**

Hetty Sorrel and Phœbe Turner.

Poor Hetty Sorrel was a maid of fiction. Poor Phœbe is a maid of real life. Otherwise there is very little difference between them and their unhappy lots.

The tragedy of Hetty Sorrel will be remembered as long as English people read George Eliot. Will the tragedy of Phœbe Turner end in the same way—in long, dreadful, penal servitude?

**A Striking Parallel.**

Phœbe was charged with the same terrible deed as Hetty, that of deserting her new-born child so that it came by its death. It was explained to the Judge at Stoniton, and to Mr. Justice Bigham at Maidstone—as the reports of the Maidstone Assizes have recently told us—that each unhappy girl left her baby to perish in a wood.

And both were respectably brought up girls. Both were village beauties. Both lived in a little "Hayslope" that petted and admired them—until they were betrayed.

Hetty was sentenced to penal servitude for life. Phœbe was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, a sentence almost as terrible for a girl.

There is one point of great dissimilarity. "Adam Bede" does not tell us that the Judge who sentenced Hetty passed a much lighter sentence on another poor girl who did much the same thing as Hetty.

But Mr. Justice Bigham dealt out a very different punishment in a very similar case to Phœbe's. At the Staffordshire Assizes only the other day he sentenced a girl who had lost her baby by her own grievous act to six months' imprisonment. Yet the verdict of the jury—that of manslaughter—had been the same, both at Maidstone and Stafford.

**Movement for a Petition.**

Influential people at Sevenoaks are arranging to get a petition ready for poor Phœbe as soon as possible. They will beg the Home Secretary for a reduction of the sentence. The "Poysers" and the "Babes" of Phœbe's village, who understand the issues of Phœbe's fall, have promised their signatures.

"This is what is the view of St. Lawrence Seal, the village where Phœbe was born," says—

"I was greatly surprised at the sentence passed by the Judge upon Phœbe Turner at Maidstone Assizes, and think that it is much too severe. I expected that she would have a year's imprisonment, followed by a lengthy term in a home, where she would be well looked after, and, later on, get a fresh start in the world."

"I have been doing all I can for the poor girl, and have got some distinguished charitable ladies to take an interest in her."

"I knew Phœbe Turner from the time she was born. I baptised her, and always thought that she was a good girl, and her mother was a hard-working, respectable woman. It is a pity, I think, that nobody brought out the fact of their having been insanity on the father's side of the family more clearly at the trial."

The Rev. B. P. Thompson, who spoke the above words, is very like Mr. Irvine, the rector of Hayslope, Hetty's village. He is white-haired, kindly, and genial.

**VETERAN MANAGER RETIRES.**

Ill-Health Compels Mr. H. E. Moss to Winter Abroad.

As announced last week in the *Daily Mirror*, Mr. H. E. Moss has, owing to ill-health, been forced to resign his managing directorship of the Moss Empires.

At a meeting of directors of the company in London yesterday a letter was read from Mr. H. E. Moss, who, since the formation of the company five years ago, has acted as its chairman and one of its managing directors.

Mr. Moss stated that he had been medically advised to spend at least a portion of each winter in a milder climate, and that, accordingly, he desired, while retaining his seat on the board and his position as chairman, to give up the position of managing director, continuing to take an active interest in the affairs of the company.

With Mr. Moss's approval the directors unanimously appointed Mr. Oswald Stoll to the vacant post. He will be assisted by Mr. Frank Allen.

**FINED FOR A DROLLERY.**

For placing in the window an advertisement in the form of a tableau representing "Robinson Crusoe and his man, Friday," and thereby causing a crowd to assemble, Messrs. William Catesby, of Tottenham Court-road, were fined 10s. and 4s. costs at Marlborough-street yesterday.

It was stated that the advertisement had been removed, but obstruction was still being caused owing to a notice in the window informing the public that the tableau would not be exhibited until the magistrate had given his decision.

**SOCIALIST PEERESSES.****FIGHT FOR FOOD.**

Lady Warwick Only a Step in Advance of Other Titled Ladies.

History is repeating itself in a revival of socialism among aristocratic ladies.

The announcement that Lady Warwick has become a member of the Social Democratic Federation has caused not only great satisfaction to that body, but to all other kindred bodies.

It was sympathy with the poor which induced her to become a member of the Social Democratic Federation, and it is expected she will address the National Labour Conference on the State maintenance of children on January 20, 1905.

An experiment, savouring of ultra-Socialism, was tried by Lady Carlisle some years ago at Castle Howard, Lord Carlisle's splendid seat in Yorkshire.

The whole household, from the Earl and Countess with their family down to the scullery-maid and boot boy, took their meals together.

But after some days the servants petitioned to be allowed to return to the old order of things.

Lady Aberdeen is another peeress who is very socialistic in her ideas. She is president of the International Liberal Association, and chiefly concerns herself with women's duties, rights, and progress.

Lady Frances Balfour and Lady Wimborne are titled women who are democratic in their sympathies, as are Mrs. H. J. Tennant, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, Mrs. Alfred Emmott, Mrs. Edward Talbot, the Countess of Jersey, Mrs. Herbert Gladstone, Lady Strachey, and Lady Lockyer; but none of them has as yet gone so far as the talented and beautiful Countess of Warwick.

**DONOVAN'S CONFESSION.**

Facsimile of the Chaplain's Letter Giving His Admission of Guilt.

A letter has been written by the chaplain of Pentonville Prison which disposes of all controversy as to whether Conrad Donovan did, or did not, confess to the murder of Miss Farmer—the crime for which he and his half-brother, Charles Wade, were executed last Tuesday.

The *Daily Mirror* is able to reproduce this letter in facsimile which was addressed to the condemned man's half-sister.

*M. B. Balfour  
Pentonville  
14.12.04*

*Your brother Conrad  
Donovan gave me  
permission, on the night  
before his execution, to  
tell me one whom it  
might concern that in the  
unhappy case "murder  
was not intended"*

*That is all.  
I deeply sympathize  
with you in your  
misfortune.*

*Yours faithfully,  
John Chapman  
Chaplain*

**THE HOOLEY-LAWSON CASE.**

At the Old Bailey yesterday Mr. Lawson addressed the jury in his own defence. He maintained that the Construction Company was an honest company, and not the sharp paper concern represented by the prosecution.

The Solicitor-General, who prosecutes, had not finished his speech when the Court again adjourned. It was, he said, the longest criminal case in which he had ever been engaged,

**FIGHT FOR FOOD.**

Grave Fears of Rioting Among Unemployed of West Ham.

**10,000 STARVING MEN.**

The unemployed problem is seen at its worst in West Ham, and fears are entertained that something like a Chartist rising may ensue very soon unless immediate measures are taken to provide work and food for the starving thousands.

"Matters are approaching a crisis," says one of the most trustworthy democratic leaders in London, "and no time should be lost in averting the outbreak."

It is computed that 10,000 people at least do not know where their next crust is to come from. The unemployed have not been slow to make their wants known.

They have organised themselves, and through Councillors Hayday and Jones have demanded that the West Ham Council should provide them either with food or the means of earning it.

The council have already voted £3,000 for immediate relief works, but that is very little among so many claimants. Another request that £1,000 in public works should be spent on relief works during the next few weeks was rejected by the council.

**Hungry Conferences.**

The starving men meet daily and demand work or food. They are growing frantic, and if work is not forthcoming and food is denied them there is no saying what may happen.

"They look round them and see no cessation of luxurious expenditure while they are famishing," said the Labour authority quoted above. "The well-to-do people of the West End miss none of their pleasures."

In Birmingham over £7,000 has been subscribed for the relief of the unemployed, and over £10,000 in Manchester. Leeds is spending £60,000 on public works.

In London, where the poor have been largely hustled into districts by themselves, the problem of unemployment, when it comes, at once assumes a more serious and a more desperate character than it does in the large towns of the provinces.

In Poplar, for instance, at a meeting of the guardians on Wednesday night, it was reported that at the present moment 12,382 persons were in receipt of relief, compared with only 7,797 in the corresponding week of last year.

**WOLF'S DAY OFF.**

**NORTHUMBERLAND FARMERS SET TRAPS ON THE MOORS FOR THE LUPINE DE WET.**

The wolf at large in Northumberland was given a day's rest yesterday. It is hoped by the hunters that he will settle down again to some district where he may once more be tracked.

Meanwhile, farmers are keeping their sheep in the folds, out of the wolf's way.

There is a demand among ironmongers at Hexham and Newcastle for spring-traps, which are being set in likely places.

Amongst Wednesday's party was Mr. Breddick, the big-game hunter, who has undertaken to kill the beast. He is at present surveying the district and finding out its peculiarities.

If fresh sheep are killed, the owners are advised to allow them to lie undisturbed, as it is through their medium he hopes to get at the wolf.

**BOOTLESS BAIRNS' BENEFIT.**

**Splendid Entertainment That Will Bring Happiness to Many Poor Children.**

Those who have not yet booked seats for the great "Evening News" Bootless Bairns' Benefit at the Italian Circus to-night will do well to make haste and do so. There is small chance of much money being taken at the doors.

A few seats, however, have been bought by sympathisers in the provinces who do not intend to occupy them. A few fortunate ones may therefore hope to obtain places at the last moment.

It will be the finest circus performance ever seen in London.

And the charm of it all lies in the fact that every penny taken for admission goes directly, without reduction of any kind, to the "Evening News" Boot Fund.

Two hundred animals will contribute to the amusement of the audience. Among these are sanguine goats, gymnastic dogs, rope-walking monkeys, dancing ponies, and a pantomime in which the actors are dogs, goats, ponies, and monkeys.

You can book seats—the prices range from a shilling to half a guinea—at the Royal Italian Circus, Argyl-street, W., next door to the Oxford-circus Tube Station, at the "Evening News" Office, 3, Carnarvon-street, E.C., or at the "Daily Mirror" Offices, 45, New Bond-street, W.

The application of Mr. John Lockie, ex-M.P. for Devonport, at Newcastle Bankruptcy Court, for his discharge was adjourned.

**The Great Convict Story,**

"413 L."

By **Mr. ADOLF BECK**

and  
**THE AUTHORS OF "CONVICT 99,"**

is appearing  
exclusively  
in the

**"Weekly Dispatch."**

See  
**NEXT SUNDAY'S ISSUE.**

**REVIVAL FOR LONDON.**

**Collier Apostle to Invade the Metropolis Next Month.**

Mr. Evan Roberts, the Welsh evangelist, is coming to London next month.

The Welsh churches in London are making ready. Prayer-meetings are being held, and already the "revival" atmosphere is beginning to make itself felt in London.

The crusade in Wales continues with unabated vigour.

Twelve women fainted in a crowded chapel at Merthyrtyll last night. For a time a panic was feared, but fortunately the people controlled themselves.

A remarkable midnight scene occurred at Cardiff.

The revivalists surrounded a public-house and literally dragged the outpouring drinkers to chapel, where exciting incidents ensued.

When a drunken man interrupted the preacher with semi blasphemous interjections, "Force him to his knees," shouted the congregation.

What followed was miraculous in its rapidity. Hardly had the minister spoken ten words to the man when he turned from scoffing to sobbing and praying for pardon.

This is a typical example of the forcefulness with which the revival is making headway.

**POISON MYSTERY.**

**Doctor's Wife Makes Sensational Allegations Against Her Sister.**

An extremely sensational story was put forward by a young lady in support of an application which she made to the Brentford magistrates yesterday at the conclusion of the day's proceedings.

She alleged that her sister was drugging her father and mother with poisons, and asked for advice as to how she could prevent this. She asserted that a quantity of bread and cake and a bottle of tea which she had brought had been poisoned, alleging that the poison had been smeared on the food with a piece of linen.

Questioned by Mr. Montagu Sharpe, the chairman of the Bench, as to her identity, the applicant would only state that she was the wife of a doctor. Her father and mother, she said, were seventy years of age.

At the suggestion of the Bench, the applicant paid the necessary fee for the food to be analysed. A report will be made to the magistrates in due course.

**COLISEUM "DERBY."**

**Clear and Complete View of a Horserace on the Revolving Stage.**

The wonderful revolving stage at the Coliseum performed successfully at a private view yesterday.

It consists of three separate concentric tables, the extreme diameter being 75ft. By electric motors it revolved at nearly twenty miles an hour.

What the audience saw resembled the racecourse at Epsom, the grassy track moving at a great rate. Real horses and jockeys raced along the moving course at top speed, but never passed out of sight.

Now one forged ahead, now another, and there was all the excitement of a real race, and a much better view than is ever possible on the real course.

**ROYAL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.**

Two of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria and Prince Henry, accompanied by their nurses, drove over in an open carriage from York Cottage to King's Lynn yesterday, and spent a delightful half-hour making purchases of Christmas presents and toys.

Few of the public recognised the little Royal children as they made a tour of the shops.

## CLUB MYSTERIES.

and Officials Missing from Three London Societies.

Christmas festivities in the East End will be seriously damped owing to the fact that three slate clubs have suspended payment. In each case responsible officials have mysteriously disappeared.

The most important case is that of the Great Eastern Co-operative Friendly Loan Society, held at the Brown Bear public-house in Leeman-street, Aldgate.

The officials of the club, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Posse, are missing, and it is stated that there is a deficiency of £200 in the funds.

On searching the premises it was found that five bags, each labelled "£300," contained only £20 apiece. By the bags was a blood-stained handkerchief.

At the Rose and Crown, in Bartholomew Close, the St. Bartholomew the Great Friendly and Loan Society has been held for some years.

In this case the secretary, Mr. Lavenstein, who is a mantle manufacturer in Charterhouse-buildings, is missing.

He is said to have sent a letter stating that he had used the money for his own business purposes, and that he could not get together more than £25 to make up the deficiency. He authorises the committee to sell his business and recoup themselves.

A similar case, but affecting fewer members, has occurred at Hoxton.

Here the members of the Investment and Loan Society of the Lion and Lamb in Aske-street have been informed that the secretary, Mr. T. Snellgrove, cannot be found, and that instead of £211 there is only £70 to share out.

## COSTLY ALIEN CRIMES.

How the British Taxpayer Is Burdened with Expense of Proceedings Against Foreigners.

Nearly three days have been occupied at the Old Bailey by the trial of five aliens for house-breaking. The fact that an interpreter had to be engaged added appreciably to the heavy cost incurred through the proceedings.

Four of the prisoners—Barlo and Mark Davis, Eli Leman, and Moses Blackowsky—were found guilty and each sentenced to two months' hard labour. The fifth prisoner was discharged.

The two Davies were arrested after they had entered the Old Bailey Newgate prison and detectives, having clambered through a hole which had been made in the roof, found Leman and Blackowsky hiding behind a chimney-stack with a rope ladder and burglar's implements in their possession.

Sentence of a month's hard labour was passed at Worship-street on Moses Silverstein, a fugitive Russian reservist, who arrived in this country six days ago on his way to America. He had stolen clothing from two fellow-countrymen at Bethnal Green, who had given him shelter out of charity, though it afterwards transpired he had plenty of money.

A constable who went to the house found five men occupying one bed.

## DEATH BY DETONATOR.

Missing Miner Whom Bloodhounds and Clairvoyants Failed To Find.

After a three-weeks' search, in which the aid of bloodhounds, and even of clairvoyants, was called in without avail, the body of Robert Minks, the missing master shifter of Medomsley coalpit, has been found.

It was shown at the inquest held by the Northumberland coroner, yesterday, that Minks committed suicide by placing a detonator to his head and exploding it.

His body was found under an unusually heavy fall of stone. There was a round hole in the skull, and near the body a piece of powder-fuse was discovered, indicating how Minks had brought about his death.

## IRONCLAD "COMMERCIALS" CLAIM.

The action by Mr. R. D. Thomson, a former "Times" correspondent, who claimed commission from Sir W. G. Armstrong and Company, Limited, on orders for warships and war materials from the Japanese, Chinese, and Chilian Governments, has terminated abruptly.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., on behalf of the defendants, announced when Mr. Justice Warrington took his seat in the Chancery Division yesterday morning that the parties had arrived at a settlement, and the case was then withdrawn.

## LATIN PLAY UP-TO-DATE.

Laughter reigned supreme last night at the annual Christmas entertainment known as the Westminster Latin Play.

Decorous mirth characterised the play itself, but the laughter was uproarious during the epilogue, which made Latin fun of all the topical questions of the day. Little was omitted. Even "Bill Bailey" found a place, while the Far Eastern war and the redoubtable Admiral Togo were utilised to accentuate the general merriment.

## AMAZING HOUSEHOLD.

Relatives Draw Up Rules to Ensure Domestic Happiness.

## NOVEL SEPARATION PLEA.

The Divorce Court is rich in surprises. It is always producing some story that would baffle the most inventive novelist to imagine. Yesterday it was responsible for an extraordinary tale of how a wife of twenty years' standing was treated as insane before her children and servants, and awakened in the middle of the night by her husband to be told that she "must submit and leave the house."

The tale was told by Mr. Duke, K.C., and his client, the wife. It is denied—as far as it alleges cruelty—by the husband, who is defending a petition for judicial separation. This is the tale:

Mr. Septimus Croft, a successful stockbroker, married Mrs. Ada d'Alton Croft in 1881. They lived in a large house at a place called St. Margaret's, near Ware, and Mr. Croft allowed his wife £1,500 to pay the expenses of a household that included a large staff of indoor and outdoor servants. For twenty years, during which seven children were born, Mrs. Croft had control of her household. Then, in 1901, she was told that she was not responsible for her actions, and was asked to leave the house.

So persistent was her husband in the latter demand that he caused himself to be locked in a room alone with her that he might repeat the words "Go away!" without interruption. Night and day he reiterated the formula.

## New Seven Commandments.

Two gentlemen, Mr. Croft's brother, Mr. George Croft, and Mr. Montmorency, Mrs. Croft's brother, tried to effect "modus vivendi" by drawing up a set of rules and conditions to govern the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Croft. These rules were set out in a table:

1. Neither family (that of Mr. Croft and Mrs. Croft) is to be disturbed reasonable visiting at St. Margaret's.
2. Ada (Mrs. Croft) is to have reasonable freedom to travel with her relatives.
3. Neither Ada nor Sept (Mr. Croft) is to complain to neighbours.
4. The children are to be encouraged by both parents to be respectful to both parents.
5. A doctor is to be consulted by Mrs. Croft on the subject of her health.
6. The present living of St. Margaret's is to be filled up by the bishop of the diocese.
7. The child Mollie is to return from school to her mother.

But in spite of these rules Mrs. Croft did not get release from her troubles. Her husband wanted to put her under the charge of a nurse used to insane patients. He took control of the servants from her. They resigned, and were re-engaged by Mr. Croft at largely increased salaries. The cook got £20 or £25 a year, instead of £22. The servants were told not to obey Mrs. Croft.

## Wife Barred Out.

Finally she did leave St. Margaret's for a time. One evening she returned. She tried to open the back window of the dining-room and saw her husband and children within. She tried to enter—the window was used as an entrance—but was refused admittance. She entered by the front door, and was not allowed to speak to her children.

Once her husband refused to allow her to speak to her eldest son on the evening before he left home to become an undergraduate at Oxford. On another occasion, when she was away from home, she went to Winchester to see her son during the Eton v. Winchester cricket match. Her husband was there, too, and told her on the cricket field "to hold her tongue."

The part of the tale supplied by Mrs. Croft herself was told somewhat diffusely, but with great self-possession and lucidity.

Mrs. Croft is a handsome lady, who, though mother of a son of twenty-two years, retains her youthful vivacity of manner, and looks quite young. It is expected that her husband's reply to her strange story will be given to-day.

## PLough SHARE AS WEAPON.

A quarrel between two farmhands in which both were armed with stable forks ended in a terrible tragedy, and yesterday, at Faringdon, Berks, Ernest Appleton, a lad of fourteen, was charged with killing Christopher Trueman, who was three years his senior.

The fight took place in the yard at Manor Farm, Lowerworth, and it is alleged that Appleton, losing control of himself, picked up a ploughshare and threw it at Trueman, striking him on the head and causing injuries from which he died almost immediately.

Appleton, who had received a scalp wound, was

## TRAGEDY IN HYDE PARK.

A gentleman of foreign appearance shot himself through the head in Hyde Park yesterday. He was speedily conveyed to St. George's Hospital, but on arrival there was found to be dead. The body has not yet been identified.

## JUDGE IN THE BOX.

Witnesses Defend Sir William Grantham's Plans.

## HEAT OF ADVOCACY.

A number of witnesses at Lewes yesterday made statements to the effect that Sir William Grantham's plans of cottages, to which the Chailey District Council took exception, were clear and intelligible to all sensible people.

These witnesses were followed by the distinguished Judge himself.

He was examined by his counsel, Mr. Gill, K.C., who, at the opening of the proceedings, made the amende honorable for certain hasty remarks which he let fall at the previous day's hearing of the case.

He first expressed regret that during the heat of advocacy he had made the slip of saying that Sir William would have altered the plans to meet, as a matter of fact, he had altered them.

"I am not appearing for an ordinary client," said Mr. Gill, "but for a gentleman who for thirty years, both as a barrister and a Judge, I have been able to claim as a friend."

"I regret also," continued the eminent K.C., "that I should have referred so much to that reverend gentleman who, I understand, was about to be called as a witness. Feeling has run high in connection with this case."

The Chairman: I take it you refer to the Rev. Mr. Schater, and am glad you withdraw some of the innuendos against that gentleman, who is beloved and respected in this district.

## Son as Counsel for His Father.

Mr. Grantham, the Judge's son, examined the majority of the witnesses called in his father's defence. His sister listened with keenest interest throughout this stage of the case.

"Could a former barrister carry out the work easily from memory?" he asked Mr. Denman, a Brighton architect, who was the first witness.

"Certainly," was the prompt response.

"Could you construct a cottage from these plans?" "I should be very much ashamed of myself if I could not."

Before this gentleman, who was Sir William's chief witness, left the box, the chairman asked, "Have you ever known similar plans drawn without technical skill to be adopted by a local authority?"

"No," replied Mr. Denman, "I cannot say that I have."

"Thank you," said the chairman quietly, "that is all we wanted to know."

Mr. Card, a Lewes surveyor, said he had not the slightest doubt that Sir William Grantham, with forty years' experience, would have sufficient knowledge to do all that was required. He thought any sane person would see what was meant.

When his father entered the witness-box Mr. Grantham surrendered the task of examining witnesses to his lawyer, Mr. Gill.

"For sixty years," said the Judge, "I have lived in the village of Barcombe, during forty-one of which I have been at the Bar, and eighteen years I have been a judge. I have desired all my life to work in the interests of the people."

Mr. Macmillan, K.C., who appears for the Chailey District Council, interposed to say: "No one, Sir William, desires to impugn your motives."

The chairman announced that the magistrates had decided when the evidence closed to reserve their decision.

## SUICIDE'S BURIED GOLD.

Curious Theory of Hidden Treasure Founded on Finding of a Trowel.

When the body of Arthur Thomas Steele, who had been manager of the Bell public-house in High-street, Shoreditch, was recovered from the Thames at Barnes, a new garden trowel bearing traces of earth mould was found in one of his pockets.

The discovery of this trowel has given rise to the theory that nearly £200, in gold and silver, was buried by Steele before he committed suicide by jumping into the river. When the safe at the Bell was broken open it was found that this sum, which the books showed should have been present, was missing.

Steele disappeared twelve days ago, and nothing more was heard of him till his body was found last Saturday. The facts came to light at the inquest at Mortlake, but the police said they had been unable to trace Steele's movements after leaving the Bell.

## SPORTING PAUPER'S SMALL WinnINGS.

The doctor who attended Henry Sturgess, the "sporting pauper" of Eton Workhouse, stated at the inquest yesterday that Sturgess told him that instead of spending money he received on beer and tobacco like other inmates, he saved it up to have a "flitter" on racehorses. His winnings for the season only came to 17s. 10d.

Sturgess died from the effects of a wound in the throat which he inflicted after his betting transactions had been brought to the notice of the guardians.

## LOVER'S DESPAIR.

Shoots His Obdurate Sweetheart Amid a Roomful of People.

Jealousy formed the motive for a terrible tragedy which has occurred in Manchester.

In the presence of four other persons a young man, named John Fritchley, murdered his sweetheart, Beatrice Fielding, to whom he had been engaged for nine years, and then committed suicide.

Recently there had been some disagreement between Fritchley and the girl, and on Wednesday night he went to her home in Queen's-road in the hope of settling their differences.

Beatrice Fielding lived with a Mr. and Mrs. Livesey, who, with their two children, were present when Fritchley was seeking to regain the whole-hearted affection of the girl. She, however, declined to receive his overtures, and refused to accompany him into the front room, saying, "I will have my way now."

Without further parole, Fritchley produced a revolver, and before the Liveseys could intervene had shot the girl and killed himself.

The man was buried at an hotel in the district, while the girl worked as a cigarette-maker. In a farewell letter written by Fritchley to his mother it is clearly indicated that he was jealous of a rival, whose company he believed the girl preferred.

## AUTHORESS AND ACTRESS.

Disappointing Sequel to a Case in Which "John Oliver Hobbes" Is Interested.

Quite recently Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) interested herself in the case of a young actress, named Kathleen Marvin, who was charged at Marylebone with drunkenness.

Mrs. Craigie on several occasions attended the court, and ultimately Mr. Curtis Bennett, after a private conversation with the distinguished authoress, handed the girl over to the care of her husband, warning her that if she were again charged with drunkenness he would have to send her away.

Yesterday the young actress, her eyes streaming with tears, stood in the dock to answer another charge of drunkenness. She pleaded pathetically for mercy, and referring to her benefactress, said, "I know that I owe a great deal to that dear lady."

Mr. Curtis Bennett ordered a remand, with a view to sending her to an inebriates' home.

## CELLAR CRIME.

Hoffman Sentenced to Death for the Murder of His Housekeeper at Leytonstone.

The Leytonstone coal dealer, William Hoffman, was found guilty, at the Old Bailey yesterday, of the murder of his housekeeper, Helen Walden, and was sentenced to death.

Walden, whose weekly wage was 5s., had admitted stealing from the brothers Hoffman 30s., which she repaid. Subsequently they missed £19, of which she denied all knowledge.

On October 26 prisoner's brother found William Hoffman missing and the girl dead in the cellar. Prisoner afterwards surrendered at Dover.

Detective Wallace said prisoner, on the journey to London from Dover, remarked "She was lying on her back when I cut her throat."

For the defence witnesses were called upon the prisoner's mental condition.

Dr. Scott, of Brixton Prison, certified he was insane. He was simple and childish, and said he had been robbed of £1,100.

## ARTILLERY OFFICER FOUND DROWNED.

The body of Lieutenant A. J. H. Murray, of the 30th Company Royal Garrison Artillery, stationed at Weymouth, was found in the Serpentine yesterday.

Lieutenant Murray, who was twenty-four years of age, had been missing from Weymouth for some days. His family reside in Kensington.

## CLARK'S BLOOD MIXTURE

## THE WORLD-FAMED

## BLOOD PURIFIER

is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. In case of ECZEMA, SCROFULA, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world.

Sold by Chemists everywhere, 29 p. per bottle.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

## ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES

Among the many pictures on the first and centre pages of the *Daily Mirror* to-day there is none which will appeal more to the generous instincts of Christmas-time than that on page 8, which illustrates the King's gift of fruit to the sick children of Great Ormond-street Hospital.

## FRUIT FIT FOR THE KING.

Photographed by the *Daily Mirror* shortly after its arrival yesterday afternoon, the luscious produce of a West Indian island is here seen guarded by the white-capped almoners of a King's charity. It is gold medal fruit, the best that Dominica can produce, shown and approved by the Royal Horticultural Society. Happy little white-robed sufferers! They will eat fruit this Christmas fit for a King's gift on a King's table.

## KING ALFONSO AND HIS SUBJECTS.

Though only eighteen, the King of Spain is the "Man of the Moment," for reasons described on page 7. His photograph on page 9 shows one reason why his rule is not yet popular. King Alfonso is rather Austrian than Spanish in appearance. His hair is too fair, his eyes too blue, his smile too kindly to please his swarthy subjects. Still, he is a lad of spirit, and will probably pull through his difficulties with his Government with the help of a good Spanish temper.

## GALLANT SEVASTOPOL.

Yesterday's war interest centred around the Sevastopol, the big fighting ship, whose lines, masts, and guns are so trimly displayed on our centre pages. Pity it is that she should lie in Port Arthur roads a battered, shell-torn, torpedo-shattered wreck. On page 3 will be found a stirring account of the Sevastopol's gallant fight against the sea forces of Japan.

## LORD MAYOR AND LAKE-MAKER.

Alderman John Pound, Lord Mayor of London, is taking to his varied duties in kindly fashion. With a smile on his face and a spade in his hand he is seen on our first page ready to plant a sturdy young oak, commemorative of the opening of a new boating lake at Leytonstone.

Another photograph on page 9 is evidence of the fact that rain did not deter the stalwart alderman from carrying out his civic duties at Leytonstone to the full. He pulled justly at a cord which, opening a sluice, let the waters into Hollow Pond, Whipp's Cross, thus making a new boating lake of twelve acres for suburban London.

## PHOTOGRAPHING THE RICHEST BABY.

Immediately after the christening ceremony on Monday Mr. Speaight, the children's photographer, took the delightful portrait of the Duke of Westminster's heir which appears on our first page to-day. The Duchess of Westminster looked upon the event as second only to the baptismal service, and gave Mr. Speaight the Reuben's Room in Grosvenor House to transform into a studio.

## HOW IT WAS DONE.

Two days' preparations were necessary before the right effects were obtained for Earl Grosvenor's picture. At last, however, the Reuben's Room was converted into an ideal studio. Then, when all was ready and the nurses had arranged the frills and laces, nine exposures of a second each were taken in seven minutes.

"A child a few days old is too young for the photographer to handle," said Mr. Speaight yesterday, "and the secret of success is to leave it to its nurse. When photographing children old enough to be attracted I always make a point of producing some toy they have not seen before, and get them at the right moment."

## GIPSY'S LAND OF PLENTY.

Europe's belief in England's kindness to the alien receives two illustrations on pages 8 and 9. The Macedonian gipsies, brought to a standstill by the loss of their horses, are now practically domiciled in this country. Another gipsy chief, Stochenko by name, has declared his intention of bringing his tribe of 200 persons to this "land of plenty," as he calls it.

Said Stochenko to a Russian correspondent, "We hear that England is the land of plenty, and that the English are kind and wealthy. That is the reason we are leaving Russia. There are no taxes in England. Everything is free." Look out, therefore, for Stochenko with his pipes and his baskets, as pictured in the *Daily Mirror* to-day.

## MR. ROCKEFELLER'S £500,000 GIFT.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, whose photograph appears on page 1 of the *Daily Mirror* to-day, has given a £500,000 Christmas-box to the University of Chicago, his pet institution. When Americans talk about the wealth of their "kings" this Standard Oil magnate comes easily first in their conversation. He has previously given to this university no less than £13,302,374 dollars, equivalent in pounds sterling to £2,660,475—and yet this colossal sum is but a drop in the bucket of his wealth. Yearly his income from the Standard Oil monopoly alone exceeds the whole amount.

## INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Depositors of under £50 in Needham Market Penny Bank are now being paid in full.

The Prince of Wales has become vice-patron of the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road.

All the old sailing cutters used for so many years on coastguard service are to be paid off and withdrawn.

## IN HONOUR OF BROWNING.

Robert Browning, the poet, having resided for some time in Warwick-street, Paddington, the borough council intend to commemorate the event by renaming the thoroughfare after him.

## DESERTER'S SURPRISE.

After five years Nemesis, in the form of a policeman, overtook William Edwards at Bolton.

He had deserted from H.M.S. Pembroke at Chatham, and had been living in Bolton ever since, so his arrest and subsequent remand came as a disagreeable surprise.

## FARM COLONY FOR LAMBETH.

Mr. J. Fels, who gave the Poplar Guardians a farm of 200 acres at a peppercorn rent for the purpose of a farm colony, has now made an offer of a similar amount of land to the Lambeth Guardians on the same conditions.

A special committee of the board has been appointed to deal with the matter.

## AQUARIUM'S BAD PLIGHT.

Although last summer's weather was ideal for seaside holiday-makers, many of the amusement companies deplore decreased takings.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Scarborough Aquarium Company, Mr. Morgan said, owing to trade depression, ordinary shareholders, who had always been paid ten per cent., would this year get nothing.

## SAD SEQUEL TO CREDULITY.

From Braintree Coroner's Court comes a strange story of a woman's credulity.

An ailing labourer's wife gave a gipsy woman £8 and some of her best clothes for treatment, and was so mortified when she found she was swindled that she became insane.

Last week she was discharged from the Essex Asylum, but after a few days in her old home hung herself.

## BEES AS PASSENGERS.

Travelling on the Great Central Railway a "Country Parson" took with him five hives of bees, and writes to the "Yorkshire Post" complaining that he was charged 18s. 8d. for them, although his own ticket cost only 3s.

From the point of view of the fellow-passengers it may be doubted if any charge less than five pounds a hive would be a fitting rebuke to a man who travelled by rail with such a strange escort.

## SHOULD LIBRARIES HAVE NEWS-ROOMS?

Librarians have for some time been agitating for the abolition of news-rooms as an appendage to a reference and lending library.

At a large gathering of the Northern Counties Library Association at Darlington various speakers urged that the cost of news-rooms was disproportionate to the expenditure on more useful departments, as in the present days of cheap newspapers ninety per cent. of the artisan class read their newspapers at home.

## LANCERS' WAR DIARY.

Every man in the 9th Lancers who fought in the Boer war, and the relatives of those killed, have been presented with a handsome volume, entitled "A Diary of the 9th Lancers in South Africa."

The book is bound in the regimental colours of red and yellow, and is compiled from the diaries of Lieutenant-Colonel Colvin and Captain Gordon, and is illustrated with numerous photographs.

The whole expense of production was borne by the officers themselves.

## ROB ROY'S DESCENDANT.

The death has taken place at his residence, Craig Royston, Edinburgh, of Mr. Donald MacGregor, for half a century proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh.

He was eighty-three years of age, and was known to travellers from all parts of the world.

Claiming descent from Rob Roy, he was the leading spirit in the movement for the preservation of the famous outlaw's grave.

One son, Gregor MacGregor, is the well-known Middlesex cricket captain and Scottish international football player.

## ENGLISH FOR ENGLISH SHIPS.

Speaking at the annual banquet of marine engineers at Cardiff, Mr. Edward Nicholl, a local shipowner, who is trying the experiment of managing his ships exclusively with British subjects, and preferably naval reservists, stated that in Cardiff-owned steamers 50 per cent. of the crews consisted of aliens, compared with 15 per cent. for the total mercantile service.

He pointed to the national danger attending this state of things, and urged his brother shipowners to determine that as long as a British seaman could be obtained they would never employ a foreigner.

## YULETIDE FARE.

10,000 Bullocks Sacrificed for London's Christmas Dinner.

## 500,000 TURKEYS.

The coming event of Christmas is casting its shadow before. Throughout the day at Smithfield yesterday the streets around the market were lined with railway and carriers' carts bringing in the meats for the Christmas feast.

It is impossible to estimate exactly the requirements of Smithfield at Yuletide, but some approximate figures were given the *Daily Mirror* yesterday by an authority.

Roughly speaking London and neighbourhood will consume

10,000 bullocks,  
5,000 sheep,  
5,000 pigs.

For a small English turkey, up to 10lb. or 12lb., the price will be about 9d. or 10d. a pound. For a 16lb. bird it will be necessary to pay 1s. a pound; while for a really fine home-bred young turkey of 20lb. weight, at least 1s. 6d. a pound will be charged.

Normandy birds range in weight from 10lb. to 20lb., and the average price will probably be about 7d. or 8d. a pound. Italian turkeys are smaller, the finest rarely weighing over 11lb., and are sold from 6d. a pound.

Ranging in weight from 10lb. to 15lb., geese will be bought at Christmas for 6d. a pound. But against 1,000 turkeys a day, not 100 geese are sold.

Game is plentiful and cheap this Christmas. From all over the country large consignments of fine plump pheasants and partridges are coming to market.

The Christmas trade in fruit is already commencing at Covent Garden.

Large consignments of mistletoe, in good condition and with plenty of berries, are daily arriving from Normandy. The wholesale price ranges from 2s. to 2s. 6d. a ton.

Holly is scarcer with few berries. Two or three days of frost are required to improve its condition.

It is estimated that during Christmas week Covent Garden will dispose of 30,000 cases of oranges at from 4s. to 12s. a case from 12s to 42s.

Ten thousand barrels of Canadian apples are expected, and these should be purchased retail from 3d. a pound.

Bananas are plentiful from the Canary Islands and Jamaica. Twenty thousand crates will probably be sold for the holidays at prices which will make the best fruit purchasable at 1d. each.

## THE CITY.

Kaffirs in Strength—Bank Rate Unaltered—American Influences

## Shaken Off.

Copst. Conner, Thursday Evening.—The overnight advances from New York did not promise good times for the American market. Prices were low, further attacks by Mr. Lawson, the Boston manipulator, were feared, and it was thought that Steel Trusts would next be attacked. It was a relief to learn that the London market shook themselves free from the American influences. True, the American market itself was decidedly weak, Atchison being affected by the new bond issue. But there came a sharp rally on Friday, and, though New York was still better, things were better. There was some easing off before the close in the "House," but nothing to complain about. The cables worked badly. There was less business. It had been feared that a fall in the two might result from the weakness in Americans recently.

Undoubtedly the good feeling generally prevailing on the Stock Exchange was the result of the strength of the Kaffir market, for London and Paris are in agreement that Paris is making a "trust" of Kaffir shares did much service as an item of market gossip. The reduction in coal rates in Rhodesia also did something to help, and Rhodesians, as a whole, joined the London market. The shares of the Wando Coal Company itself were put up to 14. The Rhodesian increased gold output—a record showing—was another item which gave great satisfaction.

In the Kaffir group there was a general participation, and many of the land companies—Goldfields and Johannesburg Consolidated Investments were ex-dividend. Diamond shares were strong; chiefly Premiers and Luce Diamonds.

## Consols Steady.

Other mining markets did not attract much attention. The Ashanti Goldfields meeting brought out some strong criticism as to the necessity for the manager being a non-resident. The Kaffir market was quiet. West African shares were little better, though Bubianis were dull. In West Africa there was not much to notice except that Lake Views were good on the recent news, and that Northern Minerals remained strong.

The scandalous management methods discussed at the meeting in the Kaffir group were not mentioned.

Consols were steady all day. Banks reported tighter money conditions, but it was temporary. The Bank rate was unaltered. The Bank of England is £2,000,000 short of its position, but Gold Fields were rather particularly good on a big take-up of stock. There was a good feeling in the Argentine market, as a result of the crop news. The Mexican grain crop was good, and the market was strong. Some of the scandalous management methods discussed at the meeting in the Kaffir group were not mentioned.

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There seems to be a probability that the high price paid on Saturday by Mr. W. H. Dunlop, secretary to the Burns Trustees, for the family Bible of the Scottish national poet, will bring out a second relic of the kind, the "big ba' Bible," once his Father's pride.<sup>12</sup>

This is a quarto, printed by Alexander Kincaid, Edinburgh, in 1762, wherein William Burns, father of the poet, entered details of the births of his children.

The entries occur on a fly-leaf between the Old Testament and the Apocrypha, and as an old lady Mrs. Burns spent hours each day reading from this Bible.

## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at  
2, CARMELITE-STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

## Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1904.

## A CURRENT OF FRESH AIR.

LAST night Mr. Chamberlain restarted his campaign against our present fiscal system." Most people who are not active politicians will read that statement this morning without thinking much about it. It will not thrill them in the least. They will not suspect it of having any romantic side. And yet that aspect of Mr. Chamberlain's great effort ought not to be difficult to appreciate. Think what it means for a man very near seventy to set himself the task of convincing a great country like this that it has been sailing for ever so many years past upon a wrong tack. What tremendous moral courage, as well as physical exertion, it requires! How many of us, at an age when mind and body both crave for repose, would voluntarily, and in the public interest, take up such a burden as this of Mr. Chamberlain, or such as that which Mr. Gladstone shouldered when he began to preach Home Rule?

Whenever we feel despair about the low ebb to which British politics have fallen we ought to remember these things and take comfort from the thought. Neither Mr. Gladstone nor Mr. Chamberlain had anything material to gain by flinging themselves into the struggle for reform. Each of them was the foremost public man of his time already. They were spurred on simply by the belief that reforms were necessary.

Even if Mr. Chamberlain's campaign should meet with the same fate as Mr. Gladstone's, his efforts will not have been by any means fruitless. Already his speeches have had a most salutary effect. They have stimulated millions of minds. They have sent a blast of healthy, fresh air through the land.

It is fatal to all enterprise and intellectual energy to go on day by day and year after year without questioning the Spirit of the Time. To all who act and think thus mechanically there comes a day when this same Spirit questions them with most uncomfortable consequences. If that day arrives for a country, that country is bound to go by the board.

Can anyone doubt that Britain had been in a sluggish, unthinking state for a long time before Mr. Chamberlain aroused us? Will anyone deny that we have already shaken off some of our lethargy? There is a healthier colour, a more wide-awake expression on the National Face. We are exercising our minds a little more about all our institutions as a direct result of Mr. Chamberlain's onslaught upon one of them.

## GENERAL HUNGER TAKES THE FIELD.

Far-sighted critics of the Far Eastern war said at the outset that Russia's greatest difficulty would be in feeding her troops. There exists the Siberian Railway, it is true, running from St. Petersburg right up to General Kuropatkin's principal base. But that railway is a single line most of the way, and the possibilities of a single-line train service are strictly limited.

Apparently their limit has already been reached without providing enough food and stores to keep the Russian army properly supplied. General Kuropatkin, it is stated, has warned St. Petersburg that the number of trains run at present will soon leave him without sufficient resources. As a matter of fact, he has, we believe, been trying to impress this upon the Tsar and his Ministers for some time past.

The more men he has sent him, the more difficult will his task become. No wonder it is suggested from Paris that the General, who knows quite well that the number of trains cannot be increased, is merely sending these warnings to shift from his own shoulders the responsibility for the inevitable end.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let cheerful audacity be your motto. Keep your eyes' and ears open. The Salvation Army may suggest methods of work to you, so may the Ritualists, so may the devil. Imitate anybody or anything in whatever is innocent and seemly.—The late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET is one of the most hard-working Duchesses in England. Her charitable "at home" at the Royal School of Art Needlework yesterday is only typical of a thousand and one other functions of the same kind which she makes it her duty to attend. Yet the Duchess has other and less humdrum inclinations. In the early days of her marriage she used to accompany her husband on many of his big-game shooting tours, and on one of these she actually saved his life by her well-directed aim at a certain ferocious beast they were pursuing together. She was an excellent shot. Now, as she says herself, she is "the busiest woman in England," and has renounced the dangerous delights of early days.

\* \* \*

Excellent shooting of a milder kind is still, however, the favourite occupation of the Duke. He

goes every year for sport to Berry-Pomeroy Castle, on Dartmoor, where some of his best coverts are. The "castle" itself, however, is only a ruin. As the Duke does not care about banqueting in its splendour, but roofless, halls, he is obliged to stay at a hotel. The Duke is one of our tallest peers. He comes of a tall family. When he used to be seen walking about with his brother, people used to laughingly point to them and say, "There goes thirty feet of St. Maur." Their splendid physique became proverbial.

\* \* \*

His numerous friends, political and otherwise, will be sorry to hear that Mr. Henry Chaplin has very nearly had a serious accident while driving to one of his political meetings. One might say, however, that Mr. Chaplin is used to accidents. He has had several in the hunting-field, and has always treated them as quite trivial incidents.

Thus, when after an illness occasioned by a severe fall, a friend once asked him how he was, he replied, in an infinitely careless way, "Oh, all right—I've been out twice since my accident and had a grand spanner near Coventry." That is the spirit of the good old English squire, and Mr. Chaplin is one of the last of those.

\* \* \*

One cannot help feeling sorry for Lord William Nevill, who is perpetually in the most desperate of money difficulties, and has just been sued for £20 which he is unable to pay to his photographer. Lord William, in spite of debt and dungeon, is really quite a good fellow. At least, he has the extraordinarily uncommon faculty of sympathising with people who are in difficulties like his own. He gave an example of this sympathy once in the sad case of a cabman who had got into trouble about rent with his landlord, and had had the brokers set upon him.

\* \* \*

Lord William knew the cabby well. He noticed him looking terribly depressed one day, and learned from him the secret of the landlord's and the brokers. At once, and without asking unnecessary questions, he settled the cabby's affairs for him, and left him eternally grateful. He is a man who gives himself no airs, moreover. An amusing story is told of his experiences in the West Kent Militia, which may prove that lack of affection in him. It was occasioned by the young officer's rather awkward manner at drill.

\* \* \*

A staff-sergeant of his company noticed the awkwardness, and used to correct it by saying, "Lard Weelyum, yez is out ov shite, me lard!" One of the militiamen, who had noticed this locution, took to imitating it to amuse his friends. He was caught doing this once and punished. Lord William had nearly forgotten the man and the incident when, years afterwards at Brighton, he happened to pass some niggers on the beach. As he turned away from them he stumbled, and heard one of the niggers sing out, "Yez is out ov shite, me lard!" He recognised the man as the militia mimic, and gave him a sovereign for old time's sake.

\* \* \*

In a day or so the street hoardings will blossom with a poster advertising Mr. J. M. Barrie's children's play, due next week. It is singularly appropriate that this poster should be designed by a child. It is the work of Mr. William Nicholson's little boy. He is now ten, and the drawing which has been enlarged for the walls of London was done when he was only seven. He has clearly inherited his father's remarkable talent in this direction.

\* \* \*

Mr. Nicholson's own leap into fame was very rapid, though he did not come before the public at such an early age as his son. When he was twenty-five he found himself suddenly obliged to earn his own living. He took a very humble studio—a cellar in fact—and began doing portraits. So good were they that he made close on £1,000 in his first year. Now he is reported to make an income of three times that amount by painting portraits. He and his wife (they were married when they were both twenty-one, and on her twenty-first birthday) live in a delightful old house at Woodstock, and are not often seen in town.

\* \* \*

Princess Stéphanie of Austria (the Countess Lonyay) had some bad luck again—this time with her secretary, who has turned out dishonest and has been imprisoned for theft. The Princess (who, by the way, has just taken Mr. Tennant's house near Goodwood), had had, indeed, a most unfortunate life. Some of her experiences she told herself in a book published four years ago. The most terrible of them was the sensational suicide of her husband, Rudolph, son of the Emperor of Austria; but her whole life has been accompanied by misfortune. Yet no one would think it who comes under the spell of her sunny, charming personality.

\* \* \*

The Princess incurred the severe displeasure of her father, the King of the Belgians, by her marriage with Count Lonyay (pronounced "Long-way"). Her husband is fairly well known in England. He used to be attached to the Austrian Embassy in Belgrave-square, and he was a member of the St. James's Club. He even had the honour of having an atrocious pun made about him. He was getting into a cab outside the club one day, and a friend was seeing him off. "Why is a man looking through a telescope like me at this moment?" asked the Count's friend. A pause; no answer. "Because," explained the friend, "he is seeing a lon' way off." History does not record whether the Count fainted.

## IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 16.—When does a garden look at its worst? On a wet December day, I think.

No flowers delight our eyes, the trees are bare and dripping, the grass sodden. On such a day our optimism is put to a severe test.

But if the garden has been properly laid out heavy rain will do little or no harm.

Plants that dislike damp should be placed either on a well-drained border of light soil or in a bed raised above the surrounding ground.

The vitality of most plants is wonderful. Last spring I found a daffodil bulb lying on the surface of the ground under some trees. It was blooming!

E. F. T.

## THE FENCE WHICH FAILED.



Mr. BULL: Look here, Balfour, I engaged you to look after my park, and here are a lot of nasty, dirty, foreign gypsies camping out in it! This won't do, you know.

PARK-KEEPER BALFOUR: Well, we did start putting up a fence, but it got knocked down, and there it's been ever since.

Mr. BULL: See that it's put up as soon as possible, please.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

King Alfonso of Spain.

HE was born a king eighteen years ago, and very soon started to make his presence known. No one will be surprised that he has shown sufficient determination to go against the Government and compel that body to resign, especially as the matter under dispute was a military one.

Infinite pains have been taken to give him an education fitting his responsibilities, but it is on military matters that he is best informed. As a tiny boy he drilled a regiment of boys, and at fourteen he drilled his regular troops. Now there is nothing he likes better than seeing after the welfare of his Army. He keeps his officers of the old school in a state of perpetual nerves by constant surprise inspections, and calls out the garrison of Madrid in the middle of the night without warning.

The Navy comes in for a good deal of attention, but not so much as the Army.

Every moment of the day that he can manage is spent out of doors. It is the life that suits him and the life he likes. He is a fine and fearless horseman, a good shot, and fences well. He has proved himself a keen huntsman, and his shooting-parties furnish the best of sport. He swims well, too, and has a taste for collecting.

In his country he is none too popular. His subjects would like him personally, but they have no love for his name. They say he has not enough of the Spaniard about him to be King of Spain.

In appearance he is Austrian rather than Spanish. His hair is too fair, his complexion too pale, his eyes are blue, he is too tall, and he smiles too often and too kindly.

Perhaps they will like him better now that he has shown how fully he knows his own mind, and that he has a Spanish temper.

## THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Two Hemispheres.

Mrs. Crawford: What was the surprise about the Christmas present your husband gave you?

Mrs. Crabshaw: Why, getting it!—"Smart Set."

"What, what, what! Playing cards in office hours?"

"Yes, sir, we—we were just cutting to see which of us should hand you a little present we thought of getting you for your—your birthday!"—"Gil Blas" (French).

"I'm sure Paula hates me. I know I hate her."

"But I saw you kiss her when she came in!"

"Oh, yes, I kissed her outwardly, but inwardly I put out my tongue at her."—"Meggendorfer Blatter" (German).

"Here, you two," yelled the stevedore, "handle that gunpowder carefu!"

"What's the matter wid it?" demanded Casey and Reilly in one breath.

"Don't you know some of that same powder exploded a couple of years ago and blew up ten men?"

"Sure, that couldn't happen now," replied Casey. "There's only two of us here."—"Catholic Standard."

## LUNA LUNATICA.

The Lick Observatory has discovered a crack in the moon.

Luna, the goddess of the mad.

Herself attacked!—the news is sad,

For it is stated—solemn fact—

The poor old moon herself is cracked!

—C. B.



# MIRROR PICTURES

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM AND HIS COUNSEL, MR. GILL, K.C.

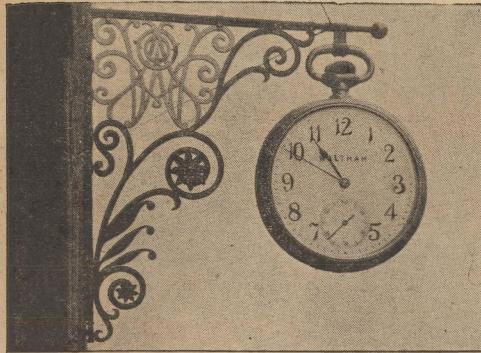


Mr. Justice Grantham, Judge and country gentleman, defendant in the famous "cheap cottage" suit brought by the Chailey Rural



Mr. Gill, K.C., whose eloquent defence brought tears to the eyes of his

AN INNOVATION IN CLOCKS.



This clock has just been erected in High Holborn, and is a perfect model of a watch. The dials are five feet in diameter, and its weight is half a ton.

KING'S FRUIT FOR SICK CHILDREN.



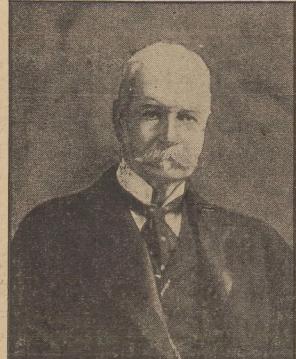
The Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, has received this magnificent West Indian fruit from the King, to whom it was offered by the Agricultural Society of Dominica.

MORE ALIENS FOR ENGLAND.



Stchenko, a South Russian gipsy chief, who is on his way to England to make arrangements for the reception of his 200 followers.

GENERAL'S FATAL FALL.



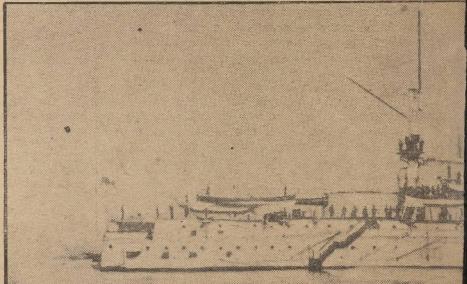
General Sir Richard Campbell Stewart, K.C.B., who has just died at Cheltenham. His death was the result of a fall from his horse on November 30.—(Elliott and Fry.)

JAPS' WINTER QU



The Japanese have made every preparation for a winter campaign with millet, in which the Japanese army find prot

TORPEDOED BY THE



The Russian ship Sébastopol, which is now occupying Admiral

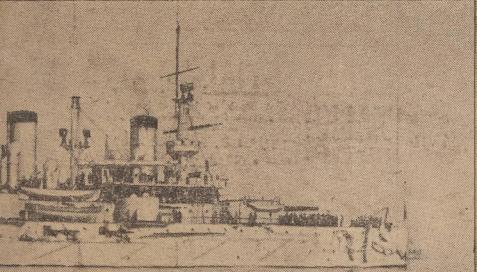
# NEWS-TOLD-IN-VIEWS...

ERS IN MANCHURIA.



picture shows one of the underground shelter trenches thatched from the intense cold of the Manchurian winter.

NESE AT PORT ARTHUR.



attention. Though successfully torpedoed, she fought all yesterday.

MACEDONIAN GIPSIES.



Horseless and friendless, the Macedonian gypsies now look like becoming squatters in England.

SAVED STOESSEL'S LIFE.



Captain Narzin, a Caucasian volunteer, who saved the defender of Port Arthur from one of his own corporals.

ASSERTIVE BOY KING.



The youthful King of Spain, whose refusal to sanction an appointment has caused a Cabinet crisis in Spain.

NEW LAKE IN EPPING FOREST.



The Lord Mayor of London pulling the cord of the sluice-gate and making a new lake for Londoners at Whipp's Cross, Leytonstone.  
—(Copyright.)

FREE SOUP FOR LIVERPOOL'S UNEMPLOYED.



The Food and Betterment Association are doing good work among the poor and unemployed of Liverpool. Above is seen their barrow at the pier-head; giving hot soup to some of the unfortunate men who are unable to get work.



Some of the children of the unemployed receiving soup from the Association's rooms, in Limekiln-lane, Liverpool.

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 8.

# THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,  
Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

## PERSONS OF THE STORY.

SIR ALAN GASCOYNE, Judge of the High Court.  
LADY GASCOYNE (Rosamond), his wife.

RICHARD DEVILLER, in love with Lady Gascoyne. She has compromised herself by visiting his chambers, but of this her husband is still ignorant.

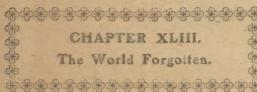
Mrs. LA GRANGE, Lady Gascoyne's friend, a social butterfly, heavily in debt.

HAROLD SOMERTON, Mrs. La Grange's brother, a man who has been in prison but has since made good. Known to the Justice, he blackmails Devilier and Lady Gascoyne into helping him to regain his position in society. He will do many things for them.

GERTRUDE GASCOYNE, the Judge's sister, whom Somerton has set his heart on marrying. She believes his statement that he was wrongfully convicted. She has gone to the Pyrenees alone, and has been followed by Sir Alan.

MUCH MORDAUNT, a friend of the Gascoynes', who has given way to drink. In love with Gertrude, and loved by her.

Miss ELTON, daughter of an Armenian money-lender. On the death of her father she carries on the business, and secretly gives the profits to relieve her distressed countrymen. In love with Mordaunt.



## CHAPTER XLIII.

The World Forgotten.

A smoking supper lay on the table, the wood fire burned brightly, and half-a-dozen candles threw a soft light over the little sitting-room in the mountain inn.

When Gertrude came in, a pink flush was on her cheeks, and her manner was constrained. Mordaunt, too, seemed ill at ease. Twilight had come over their spirits. They had had time to reflect, to consider. He thought that a girl did not love him had flung his arms round him in a moment of natural abandonment after having escaped a deadly peril. She blamed herself for having forced an impulsive embrace on one who did not care for her, who was, probably, engaged to Miriam Elton. Half-an-hour before, when he had held her in his arms for one brief instant, a sudden knock at the door had come—one instant too soon. It had brought them back to realities, had cut off the words that trembled on Mordaunt's tongue—the burning words of love that would have made luminous the atmosphere of the mountain heights for both.

Each had determined that through the coming meal, through that moonlight ride down the gorge, an elaborate mask must be worn. He must not know that all my heart is his, was her stern resolve. She never must guess that I worship the shadow she walks on, was his iron resolution; and so they began the game of cross purposes.

"I have been rendering 'first aid,'" said Mordaunt, as they took their places at the table; "his arm is broken—not badly—and I have set it for him. He fell on it. He was not grateful to me—I'm afraid he swore at me."

The broken arm solved a problem. Mordaunt had greatly feared some underhanded attack in the night journey. A sudden blow from the darkness—a bullet from behind a tree—and Gertrude would have been unprotected in the hands of a ruthless villain. That villain was safely lodged upstairs in bed now, and Mordaunt was free from anxiety.

Gertrude's eyes were fastened on her plate. She did not dare to look up, she could not speak. The gratitude she felt, that she wished to show, could not be displayed lest she betray her deeper feeling. Ah, what a hero to her was that young gentleman on the other side of the table, who had rescued her so wonderfully! She flashed a glance at him, and though how like the old Hughie had he become, now changed he was from the last time she had seen him. He had come to himself, as she had always known he would—and Miriam Elton had begun the change. The matron at the hospital had taken good care that Gertrude should know all that had passed there. Gertrude wondered if they were engaged yet; wondered if the singular girl would make him happy. She did not believe she could;—as for him, he had forgotten that Miriam Elton existed.

He, too, found it impossible to eat, hungry as he had believed himself to be. The position was too strange, too difficult. He had too long accepted the fact that Gertrude did not love him to question it now; and even if he did question it, what right had he to offer her his wasted life?

Each of them feared explanations, too, of the events of the evening. The key to everything was Rosamond, and neither wished to speak of her, though Gertrude was deeply anxious over what she had heard.

As is nearly always the case, it was the girl who rallied first.

"Hughie," she cried, with affected censure, as she rose from her scarcely-eaten meal and went over by the fire, "you haven't volunteered a word—and you know I am dying to know—where did you drop from so miraculously? How did you come here?"

"An evening stroll," he answered smiling. "Oh, yes," she retorted, flushing, "you were sauntering over the Pyrenees—going to the theatre at Madrid, or to glances at Seville by moonlight, I suppose?"

She was so dissatisfied with herself, with her ingratiate, as she called it, with her inability to dominate the awkward situation, that she began to vex with him.

"I saw Mrs. Francellon at Pau," said Mordaunt; "I told her I might see you. She sent an invitation—"

"Oh," cried Gertrude, flushing, as she read the answer to her question. "You were at Pau—then you have been following me. You knew I was in danger. I can't believe it was accidental, you—of course. I knew it wasn't really, but, Hughie, how did you come to know?"

"Very simple," he answered, speaking as though it was a most natural thing for a man to run about the world with intent to save menaced girls. "I put a lot of trifles together, and drew a conclusion."

He forgot that Miriam Elton had drawn the conclusion.

"Alphonso was not at home; I couldn't see him," he continued, "I thought I had better come at once—and well that I did."

"You came, all the way from England—for me—Hughie?"

"Who wouldn't," Gertrude—one would do the same for any—"

He stopped. It sounded too absurd. He looked at her. She bit her lip, catching a happy smile, while a flush mantled her cheeks.

"No one with a spark of manhood," he continued lamely, "could do otherwise. No man could—"

Suddenly their eyes met. He sprang up from his hair and caught her in his arms.

The comedy of cross-purposes thus ended abruptly.

"It's no use, Gertrude," he whispered in impasioned tones, "I came because it was you—the one woman in all the world for me; I came because I love you. I—"

He broke off short, and dropped his arms. "Forgive me," he cried in a broken voice, "I forgot—"

He essayed to step backward; but to his surprise she clung to him. He straightened his arms, still holding her, and looked at her. He did not dare for one brief instant to credit the message which he read in her shining eyes, in her attitude of sweet and trusting self-sureness.

"I think," she said softly, "that I have always loved you, Hughie."

And their lips met in the first sweet kiss of love; and all the world, its cares, its sorrows, were forgotten for one radiant, exquisite moment. Then a great humanity overpowered the man.

"I have no right to speak," he said in broken tones. "I have nothing to offer you, save hope, courage, and a determined resolution. I lost when I ran headlong towards ruin. I love you—I love you, my darling, my little Brownie."

A sob came from Gertrude as she heard the pet name of her childhood which only Mordaunt had ever used. A thousand happy memories flashed to her remembrance. Her head bent lower.

"Hughie," she said, "we will go through the world hand in hand, together, always together. Let us forget the past. The way was long, it was dark. If you stumbled, am I the one to chide you? I might have helped you more. Oh, I blame myself. You came to me when you thought danger threatened. I did not go to you when you needed me. I feared to. I was cowardly. Love should have led me to you. It is all there is of life—Love the Conqueror—Love, life's best fruition."

"I will make myself worthy of you," he said reverently. "You shall see that I will prove it."

"Oh, but you have done that already," she cried, "by coming here. If you had not—"

She shivered. "We will forget everything, the future beckons us. All the hateful past ended for you that day—that day when you lay unconscious in the brougham, and I thought, I feared, that you—" "You," he cried, staring at her, "was it you?"

She caught her breath and flushed a rosy red. She had forgotten. It seemed to her at the moment, in the new-born confidence of love, that each knew all that the other knew.

"She told me that—that—" he murmured, looking down perplexed; and then he dropped his voice, so that Gertrude could not hear. She smiled softly, and was honest enough to admit to herself that she was glad his mistake had been corrected. What right had Miriam Elton to pretend to him that she had done this thing?

Then, under pressure of earnest questions, she told him the whole story of that day in the brougham, and when she had ended somehow her action seemed to him ten-fold more noble than it had seemed when he had thought it performed by Miriam Elton. He felt a deep resentment against the latter for having left him to believe that he was in her debt for this—and he had come so near to proposing to her. He assured Gertrude that if he had rescued her by his prompt appearance she had saved him, by digging out of an instant's notice, from a pocket of government papers. Presented for signature, he declined with a laugh to give them, and the entrance of the landlord ended all discussion of the engagement which he had so narrowly escaped.

They were informed that the night was cloudless, that the moon would rise in half an hour, that the mules and the guide would be ready. The landlord plainly intimated that he regarded them as a pair of lunatics, but there was no rancour in his demeanour, for Mordaunt had consoled him for the loss of his guest with a handful of money which left a tremendous gap in Mordaunt's purse.

"It's like the puzzle of the man and the goose and the foxes," cried Gertrude when the landlord had disappeared. "I forget how it came out, but he had to get across the river with them somehow. He could not take them together, nor could he leave them together; and the trouble was, how it could be done."

Mordaunt laughed as he saw the application. They were ready to laugh at anything, these two, in their happy mood.

"We cannot stop here. I dare not remain with the fox—oh, yes, I see, I admit it, I am the goose and there only remains for the man—that's you, Hughie—to take me along with you. It will be nearly midnight before we get to the hotel. Awkward, that's taking them all up."

"You can't be needed, I'm afraid."

"Yes, I think it can," she answered. "I've looked up the time-tables and the map. There's a train from a station about ten miles further on, at four in the morning. If we start from here an hour later—"

"You'll freeze to death," he interrupted.

"Oh, I dare say," she answered, laughing lightly, "that it will be cold, but I shan't mind that, Hughie. I deserve to be punished, anyhow, for coming here. Besides, I shall be with you, and I shan't care."

"I believe it is the best thing. You could go right on to Pau, then, to Mrs. Francellon, and nobody will be wiser about anything."

He was intensely relieved at her suggestion.

An hour later the tiny cavalcade started on the romantic ride down through the gloom of the gorge. It consisted only of three people, for Gertrude's maid had positively refused to accompany her.

Gertrude saw a light in one of the upper windows, but she gave only one passing thought to the man who was lying helpless in that room, cursing impotently as the sounds of their departure came to his ears. She gave one farewell glance through the uncurtained window at the little sitting-room, and her eyes filled with happy tears as she saw the light from the fire flickering on the walls.

"Some day," she whispered, "we will come back here again. We'll have supper, the same menu and everything, just as we had to-night—and I will look all about me, and tell you perhaps for the thousandth time, that those walls saw the happiest moment in my life."

"And in mine, too," he answered softly.

Their sure-footed mules jogged quietly down, while from in front came the jingle of the bells hung on the neck of the animal the guide was riding.

The musical tinkle brought memories to Mordaunt. He began to hum the air of the shadow dance from "Dinorah," and she, too, took up the tune. The thoughts of both were far away—were at the Opera in London, where they had been together on a night which seemed only yesterday to them now.

"Did Rosamond know you were coming?" she asked.

Her anxiety was apparent in her voice. She knew well that Rosamond did not know, but she would not venture on a more direct approach.

"No," he answered. "She could not do anything. I thought it unnecessary to trouble her."

She asked him a dozen other questions: how long since he had seen Rosamond; was she well; was she still at Compton Knole; had Alanson been there most of the time; and he answered all these as freely and as fully as he could; but he volunteered no information. At last she burst out and told him of Somerton's threats.

He cursed the scoundrel under his breath.

"You have nothing more to fear from him," he said with confidence. "nor has Rosamond. He has taken advantage of your kindness. If tender-hearted ladies will persist in thawing out a frozen snake, they are likely to be bitten—but his fangs are drawn."

"Hughie," she said, "tell me frankly. It is better that I should know now—it might be that I could be of some use. Is there any sorrow in front of Alanson?"

"Look, Gertrude," he cried, "see the moon-light on the pines. What a marvellous scene!"

She did not press her question after that, and for some time her heart was heavy.

"How long do you expect to stop in Pau?" he asked suddenly.

"Tell me your plans," she answered, "and I will tell you mine."

It was exquisite delight to her to realise that somebody else was concerned now in her movements, that henceforth they would be directed by a double will.

"If you are not afraid," he answered, "to go on alone from the station I think it best for me to go directly back to England."

"Oh, I can't lose you—" She stopped suddenly, as conviction came that his plan was best. "Yes, you are right," she continued. "I will follow the day after to-morrow. I shall go to Lady Chetwold."

"And I," he cried, "to your brother."

"My heart will be with you, darling," she whispered softly.

"And mine will rest in your keeping," he answered.

And then their path led them out from the dark mountain gorge into the moon-bathed valley. The caressing hand of sleeping night was over them, by their side was gentle peace, and the glory of love was all about them.

(To be continued.)

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## THE NUISANCE OF NOISE.

The Sort of Thing a Harassed Londoner Has to Put Up With from Every Kind of Street Hawker.

In the name of the long-suffering British people, many thanks to you for your remarks on Mr. Plowden. It seems almost incredible that a magistrate should encourage street noises. We suffer too much already in the daytime from the street tradesman—who has, in many cases at least, the excuse that he is trying to earn a living—without encouraging the asinine braying of the street rowdy in the middle of the night.

The other day I spent at home—in the neighbourhood of Maid Vale, W.—having some work to do. The following is what I suffered. I claim no special sympathy, for I am afraid that my case is only too typical.

At an hour which I have failed to identify exactly, but believe to have been about 6 a.m., a shrieking whistle on a factory, half a mile or more away, awoke me, not to prayer, like the Muezzin's call, but to the other thing.

I had just settled myself again when a milk trolley pulled up outside, and the milkman proceeded—I judge from what I heard—to hammer empty cans



Mr. Plowden, the London magistrate, who encourages street noises.—(Elliott and Fry.)

one against the other. This was 6.20 a.m.—I noted the time exactly.

From the departure of the milkman until nine o'clock there was comparative peace, but then things began to get lively. I bathed to the strains of a German band wafted by the wind from a distance. I dressed with the noise a stage nearer, had breakfast to the accompaniment of patriotic airs just under the window, and read my morning paper to an obligato from about 100 yards up the road. The members of the band have now, I may mention, given up trying to collect money from me.

By the time the German band had faded into the distance things had become lively. The chorus was opened by another milk trolley and repeated shouts of "Mee-aulk!" The clock said it was now 9.45. At 9.50 there were cries of "Rah-an-boh," which I believe means "rags and bones."

At ten a-coal-ent came slowly along. By its side walked a burly individual, who shouted "Co-ole" at the top of his voice, and before his remarks had died away a barrel-organ started. I moved that organ on, but as I shut the door, I heard another fiend inquiring for "Any chee-ter to mee-end."

### MUSICAL CAT'S-MEAT.

At 10.30 there were cries of "Mee-mee," and the cats within hearing became excited. Before the cats-meat merchant had got out of hearing another barrel-organ began to act as orchestral accompaniment to four make-believe "out of works" with new corduroy trousers and white hands. They shouted a mournful diry, of which the words were mercifully lost, to the accompaniment of a slowly ground-out cake-walk.

At 11.30 two men with a barrow laden with sickly palms and plants made the street horrible with their cries, and appealed confidentially to my parlourmaid in a whisper, which could be heard a hundred yards, to exchange an old pair of boots or trousers for a dying spica. On their heels came a ruffian who rent the air with "Water-creeses." At 12.10—it is as well to be precise—a burly ruffian, accompanied by a small boy, yelled "Woila-beet." This means "Wild rabbit."

The coal field returned at 12.30, another barrel-organ at 12.36, and at ten minutes to one two men called "cauliflowers" in a manner which is quite beyond reproduction of print.

With the exception of another assault by two milk trolleys, this afternoon was consecrated to organists, street singers, and a Scotch man who played the bagpipes. They arrived at intervals of thirteen minutes from two till six o'clock. At 8.15 a gentleman with beery tenor voice sang love songs to his own accompaniment on a guitar. He had the wisdom to keep hidden in the darkness, for by that time I was desperate.

I did no worse, but wrote a letter and enclosed a subscription to the Association for the Suppression of Street Noises, of which I am now a member.

G. T.

## NEARLY 200,000 WORDS SPOKEN BY MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN HIS FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Chamberlain's great speech at Stepney last night was the thirty-first which he has delivered outside the House of Commons since he opened his fiscal campaign at Birmingham in May, 1903.

On that occasion he addressed an audience of 3,000 persons, a thousand less than he addressed last night. The average for his meetings falls between these two, for in his thirty-one meetings he has addressed about 104,000 people.

The largest number to whom he has spoken was the 12,000 who assembled in the great riding-school at Welbeck Abbey on the fourth of last August. The meeting was the first of the second part of the campaign, and a good beginning to it.

The smallest audience only totalled about thirty. It was at a luncheon party in Rochester. On that occasion his speech was short but important.

The length of his speeches has varied quite as much as the size of his audiences. His longest, which lasted only ten minutes short of two hours, was delivered in Birmingham on November 4 of last year. He made his shortest at Cupar Station a month before. It took only ten minutes.

His heaviest day's speaking was a year ago today, at Leeds. He addressed two meetings and made two speeches, which together lasted two hours and seventeen minutes.

Altogether, Mr. Chamberlain's thirty-one speeches have taken about twenty-nine hours, which brings the average length down to less than an hour. His platform speeches, however, average about an hour and ten or fifteen minutes.

In the thirty-one speeches he has spoken 191,700 words, each speech averaging about 6,200.

He is not a fast speaker, and on the platform seldom rises above 100 words a minute, and averaging about 140. The interruptions for applause account for the difference between the average and the total per hour.

### A MESSENGER BOY

Who Has Disposed of the Hard Things Said About This Occupation.

Our note on "What becomes of messenger boys?" has brought us an interesting letter from one who was a messenger himself and has done very well in life.

At nineteen he left the Post Office because he was not considered sufficiently fit to be a "sorter."

"I looked about," he says, "but found work very hard to get—having been in the Post Office would against me."

"In the end after having been out of work for six weeks—the only time in my life, by the way—I obtained a job as clerk at 10s. per week."

"By keeping my ears open, and good luck, I suppose, I managed to get into partnership as a branch of our business, which was sold shortly after I obtained my situation."

"Since then (I am now twenty-eight) I have acquired my partner's share, and have a good little wholesale business. My credit is good, and I am still going on—not making a fortune, perhaps, but plodding on. I employ fourteen men, own a horse and van, and pay nearly £100 a year rent."

### CALENDARS FOR 1905.

An interesting feature at this time of the year is the appearance of next year's calendars. One of the most interesting collections is that produced by Mr. Ernest Nister. Below is one of the illustrations from his "John Hassall's Comic Calendar for 1905." (3s. 6d.) There are all kinds of catalogues among the productions—grave, gay, sentimental (many), humorous (a few)—but all are well printed and cheap.



JANUARY

There was a small boy of Bagdad,  
An inquisitive sort of a lad,  
Who said "I'll just see  
If this kind-looking bee  
Has a sting," and he found that it had.  
  
A page from "John Hassall's Comic Calendar for 1905." (Ernest Nister. 3s. 6d.)

## THROUGH THE MIRROR.

### A WORD TO THE WISE.

In your article under the above heading you rightly advocate a portion of each day being spent outdoors.

May I say a word for domestic servants who, as a rule, are permitted to go out once a week only, and then but for a few hours? Is this sufficient?

Sussex-square, W. A HUMANE MASTER.

### CHRISTMAS BEER IN WORKHOUSES.

You say "the idea is to let the unfortunate old people . . . enjoy themselves a little more than usual at Christmas-tide."

This may be all very well for the unfortunate old people, but this class are a very small proportion of the inmates of a workhouse. The majority are there mainly and solely through the excessive use of alcohol, and to give this class drink is the greatest mistake that guardians can make.

Bristol. A. H.

### CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Christmas Day, falling, as it does this year, on Sunday, gives employees but a very short holiday unless employers consent to grant an extra day's holiday, and so enable their assistants to visit their homes. For ourselves, we propose to close from 2 p.m. on Saturday, the 24th, until Wednesday morning, the 28th inst.

May we express the hope that this arrangement will be generally followed?

OETZMANN AND CO.

### A WOMAN'S VIEW.

When Beatrice Hamilton Derry states that at least one-third of our floating population is in a fatherless condition, I think she should offer advice to her own sex. I do not, of course, agree with her estimate. Anyway, she should remember that all men are not alike.

I have travelled the wide world, met and associated with men everywhere. They are not so black as painted.

JACKSON FELS.

62, Rosemead-road, S.W.

### WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

One of your correspondents says that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. Could you tell us how many it takes to make a snob?

Ockbrook, near Derby. THOMAS PEGG.

The use of the word on official or legal forms is often ludicrous. I used to know in a South Coast watering-place a very ignorant man who could scarcely read or write, who always described himself, when putting up for the town council, as a "gentleman." Surely, this formula should be abolished. It has no meaning.

Faroe-road, W. W. C.

## WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.

### One Woman, One Way.

There are many ways to win a woman—but only one way for each woman.—Smart Set.

### The Neglected Wine-cellar.

Private wine-cellars seem to be in a bad way—everybody is in agreement as to that. Ten years ago the humblest villa in the suburbs boasted its wine-cellars; to-day, if it exists at all, it is converted into a photographic dark-room.—*Daily Telegraph*.

### Soldiers, Not Paupers.

The practice of confounding the Army with the workhouse is one which is having a disastrous effect. An appeal for "newspapers and tobacco" for the "poor soldier in barracks" is a lamentable piece of tactlessness.—*Mr. Edgar Wallace, in the "Daily Mail."*

### Decoration Run Mad.

The "decorative movement" in Germany threatens likewise to become over-extravagant and superficial. Imitation of the foreign or of the old-fashioned, on the one side, and, on the other, a restless striving after the novel, the unusual, the eccentric, have much distorted its original character.—*The Studio*.

### War Sacrifices in Japan.

Many families, both rich and poor, are dispensing with one meal a day, and others are doing with fish only twice or three times a week with their rice, instead of daily; and the still poorer classes are substituting millet for rice, and, instead of their usual green tea, use a decoction of parched barley.

—*A Japanese writer in the "Boystander."*

### The Fashion for To-Morrow.

It may seem a slight thing that Fashion decrees that we shall once more bespangle ourselves, till our hair, as it were, with fireflies, wear trimmings and ornaments and embroideries that shine, and carry little shimmering bags and sparkling fans, and set out feet in shoes that are encrusted with golden and metallic beads, but it is unmistakably a good sign, a happy indication that for a season, at all events, we are going to look on the brighter side of every thing.—*Lady's Pictorial*.

## LIFE-SIZE DOLL FREE

"Baby's Clothes will now fit Dolly." (and also two additional dolls which will receive before December 31st next.) You can get this famous Life-size Doll absolutely free for selling only ten packages of ELLIOTT & FRY's packing fabric, at 5d. per package. Something for polishing Jewellery and Silverware, &c. Will go and will send you a Fabre post paid. When you have sold the money (5d.) you can then send the doll free post paid. If you do not care to sell our goods we will send the Life-size Doll together with two 9-inch Dolls post free on receipt of 2/- postal order (Colonial and Indian Orders) issued by your bank or remittance made by P.O.O. Address—SHY-NALL CHEMICAL CO. (Dept. 75, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.)



2½ FEET HIGH. These Dolls can be obtained all the year round. Turned model of the old-fashioned rag Doll that Grandma used to make, and would make Grandma open her eyes in wonder at the size of it. You can make it yourself, and if you do not care to sell our goods we will send the Life-size Doll together with two 9-inch Dolls post free on receipt of 2/- postal order (Colonial and Indian Orders) issued by your bank or remittance made by P.O.O. Address—SHY-NALL CHEMICAL CO. (Dept. 75, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.)

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PIANO ORGAN: Shastoni's great record sale! 1,000 must be cleared at once; great opportunity for professional and other buyers; 72x48, iron frame pianoforte, 80 keys, 10 month warranty; chance of a lifetime; 220, Old City-rd., E.C.; 16, Dalton-lane, opp. Junction 162, High-st., E.C.; 202, High-st., N.W.; Wagner House, 127, East Hill, N.W.; Kensal-green, N.W.; Wagner House, 127, East Hill, N.W.; Rens-some, N.W.

# HINTS ON THE MODES—FABRICS AND FASHIONS FOR THE COMING FESTIVAL.

## WITH THE DRESSMAKERS.

### PICTURESQUE VOGUES FROM THE PAST.

Every dressmaker, be she the home product or the expensive professional, lavishes a wealth of beautiful handwork now on everything she turns out. Smockings and gaugings, puffings and tucks, fagoting and French knots find their place on the prettiest of the new gowns.

Gauging is the most popular of all hand touches in every form of it. Skirts are gauged on to the belt, the rows of gauging serving as a pretext for the fullness that springs out and grows more and more, until it escapes into voluminous folds at the feet. Flounces are headed with it, sometimes whole skirts made up of three or four deep ruffles have gauged headings, and each flounce meets the other, showing no background between. Yokes and the tops of sleeves reveal rows of it, sometimes done on cords, sometimes plain, and sometimes taking the form of tiny tucks.

#### SMOCKING BACK IN FASHION.

Puffing, too, a form of gauging, is everywhere. Narrow bands of puffing are festooned or set scallop fashion on the edges of sleeve ruffles, round yokes, at the edge of boleros, on cuffs, indeed, everywhere that they can find a place. On evening gowns they appear on the skirt, but only rarely on day dresses.

Smocking is as old-fashioned as it can be, but is easier to do, and as well is a very pretty way of trimming a gown of cashmere or any other soft fabric. A good plan is to make the bodice with a deep-pointed yoke and collar of smocking, and to decorate the sleeve at the wrists in like manner. This is a season of clinging effects. Even the full skirts do not disguise the symmetry of the figure, and hence supple fabrics are being used.

#### THE LEG-OF-MUTTON SLEEVE.

The favourites for street costumes are satin cloths and cashmeres, with skirts of a moderate length and full at the hem. The breadth of the hem is strengthened by corded, or a narrow width of haircloth. Sleeves continue to be the keynote of fashion, and the newest one is of the leg-of-mutton shape at the top.

The fashions of fur garments change as often as those of hats and gowns, for as variable as the four winds are the affections of Madame Mode towards fur from season to season. Where, for example, are the elaborate lace trimmings that were given to our fur garments last winter? They are only conspicuous by their absence. Of new and unaccustomed skins for her purpose fashion is making a full share of use this season.

Baby calf is odd-looking, with its startling patches of red and white, but it makes decidedly smart motor-coats, and, dyed black, it is used for little muff and boas. Fox is here again in shades of white, silver, blue, and smoke. Two furs frequently make a combination of great beauty. Ermine is used with moleskin, sable, and caracul, and also with chinchilla. Persian lamb and squirrel are worn, but seal is little seen, except on wealthy women, made up alone.

Embroideries from the Orient, or that are home productions, are used in combination with the most fashionable furs, and leather and kid, plain and overlaid with embroidery or painting, are fashionable for revers, belts, and vests. Tinted leathers are dyed in the most exquisite shades, in bronze green, copper colour, and mahogany, and are embroidered in black and gold and oxydised silver,

of leather of a shade that will contrast admirably with the tint of the fur.

Many of the stoles are so large this season that they are almost as warm as cloaks and very nearly

curving up to a narrower upper edge. The bag-muff is merely a crescent model cut very deep, made absolutely without stuffing, and run on a ribbon at the upper edge. The ribbons are knotted

## VANITY BAGS.

### A VARIETY OF PRETTY RETICULE PURSES.

Theatre bags are more like old-fashioned reticules than ever now, when made of exquisitely flowered silks, and of quaint bead patterns. Vanity bags fitted with a tiny mirror and powder-puff are made in plain rich leathers. Envelope-bags, long and square-cornered, have a flat purse and card-case inside. Walrus is the newest skin, and cork is being treated like leather and looks like pigskin.

## NECKLETS FOR GIRLS.

A very short time ago it was the long chain that every girl was wearing, of beads or jewels, the choice depending upon the size of the purse. Now the long chain is superseded by a dainty little chain—sometimes of one strand, sometimes of two, and sometimes of three—which falls just below the throat. From the necklace dangles a medallion or a birthday-stone; the latter a popular ornament among girls. Made of fine gold chains are these necklaces, and sometimes the delicate strands are connected with little chains of tiny pearls. Amethyst drops make effective dangles, and baroque pearls are also much the mode used in this way.

## HOW JEWELS ARE GUARDED.

It is very curious to observe with what jealous possessions, and at the same time leave other things of infinitely more value as prey for any accident that comes along. Not many winters ago, the jewel-laden daughter of an Earl drove to a ball, guarded by four men-servants, but with her chest so exposed to the bitter night-wind that she died from inflammation of the lungs a fortnight later. Most people take better care of their jewels and money than of their lungs or liver. Why? Jewels are pretty things, to be sure; but life can be passed very comfortably without ever possessing anything of the kind. Money one must have—at least a little of it—though to run out of it utterly does not necessarily mean immediate death, like the cessation of action in one's lungs or liver. Verily, men think all men mortal but themselves.

"In November, 1895," writes Mr. Robert Lee, of Hainton Post Office, near Lincoln, in a letter dated February 22nd, 1898, "I began to get weak and low. My appetite was poor, and the little food I ate gave me a deal of pain about the chest. I was unable to sleep well at night, and in the morning felt tired and exhausted. My feet became swollen and painful, and a tendency to gout manifested itself. I felt low-spirited, and feared I was breaking up. I remained in this miserable condition for months, growing weaker daily, until I began to use Mother Seigel's Syrup, a medicine of which I had heard much praise from friends. Its curative power soon became apparent, and once more I could eat well, the food agreeing with me. Continuing to use the Syrup, my condition improved from week to week, and it was not long before the gouty symptoms entirely disappeared, and my usual good health was restored."

This is a grand showing for a man of seventy-nine—Mr. Lee's age when this letter was written. It is surprising, however, by Mr. Lee's next letter, dated July 29th, 1904, when Mr. Lee was eighty-five, wherein he says: "I have had no further trouble with my digestion, and feel as well as ever I did in my life."

People with gouty symptoms will do well to look to themselves. What cured Mr. Lee and keeps him well, will cure them and keep them well also. Gout is not an ailment that stands alone. It is a member of a dangerous combination, which may include afflictions of the heart, skin, nerves, brain, bladder, and kidneys.



A SYMPHONY IN BROWNS MIGHT BE THE TITLE OF THE ABOVE TOILETTE, WHICH IS CARRIED OUT IN CHESTNUT-COLOURED CASHMERE WITH ROULEAUX OF BROWN FUR BEHIND THE TABS AND CASCADES OF IVORY LACE FALLING FROM A FACE STOCK.

as expensive; but in sharp contrast to the large stole and huge Victorian pelterines are the fancy little fur neckties. Some of them are plain, narrow, and short, tying simply in one knot, with one

and the muff is swung from the arm, just like a bag. The huge old grannie muff is again in vogue. It is even at the top and bottom, not quite flat, but decidedly more limp than in the famous old portraits that inspire the fashion. A muff is quite the most fashionable bridesmaid's present there is now, and forms a charming Christmas one, too. Home-made muffs composed of odds and ends of velvet, lace, and fur are illustrated on this page.

When a cat washes herself good weather may be expected, but if she licks her coat against the grain bad weather is indicated, or if she washes her face over her ears or sits with her tail to the fire.



Muffs to match the dress look exceedingly well, and are very comfortable to their owners. Depicted in this sketch are five effective models made of cloth, silk, and velvet, with fur and lace trimmings.

and with various shades of crewel, wool, and silk. Castor colour leather makes an effective background with Chinese embroideries in black and violet. These leathers are used for collars, revers, lapels, and cuffs, and little waistcoats are also made

end hanging in front and the other over the shoulder, while some have double and triple ends, or are tied in a bow.

The most fashionable shape for muffs is the crescent model, wide at the lower edge, flat, and

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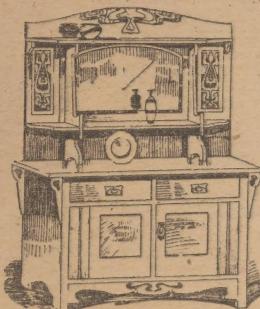


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